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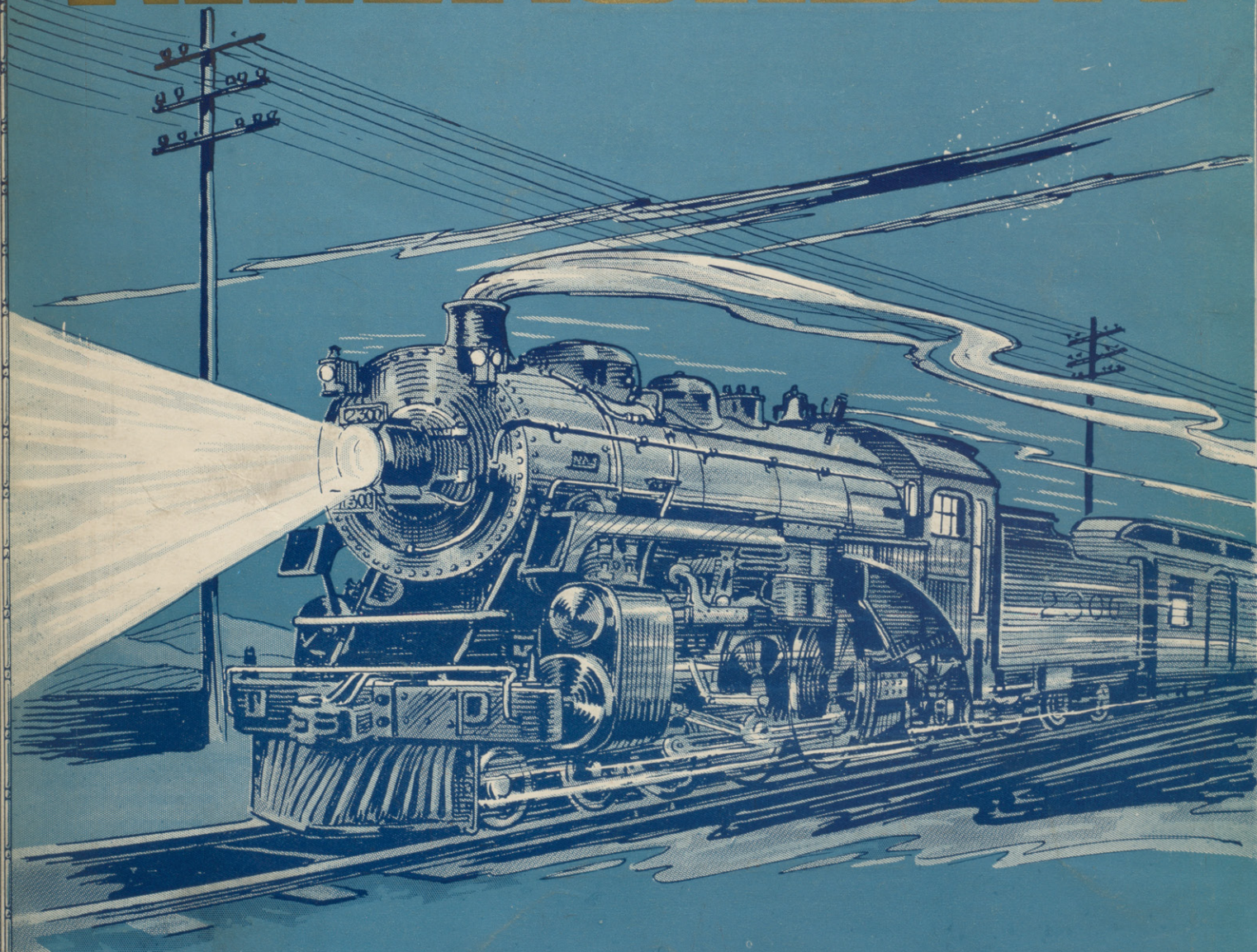
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VOLUME X
NUMBER 4

1926

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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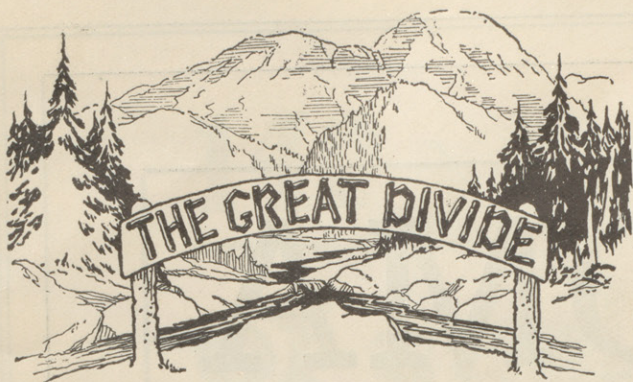
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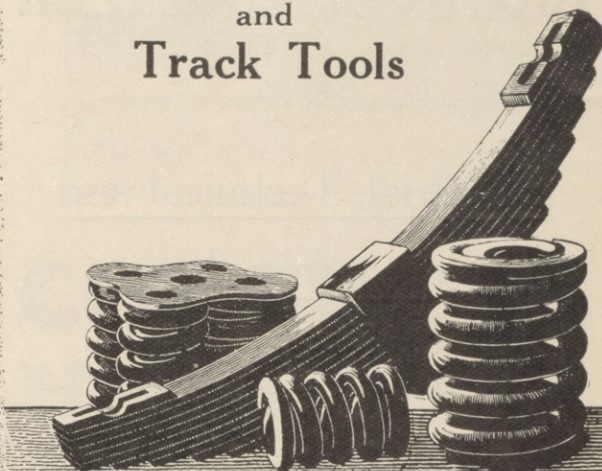
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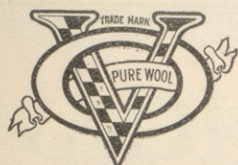
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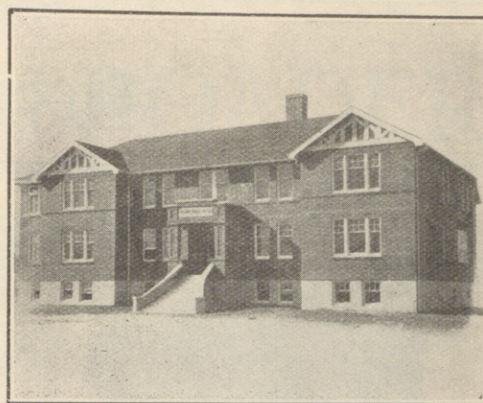


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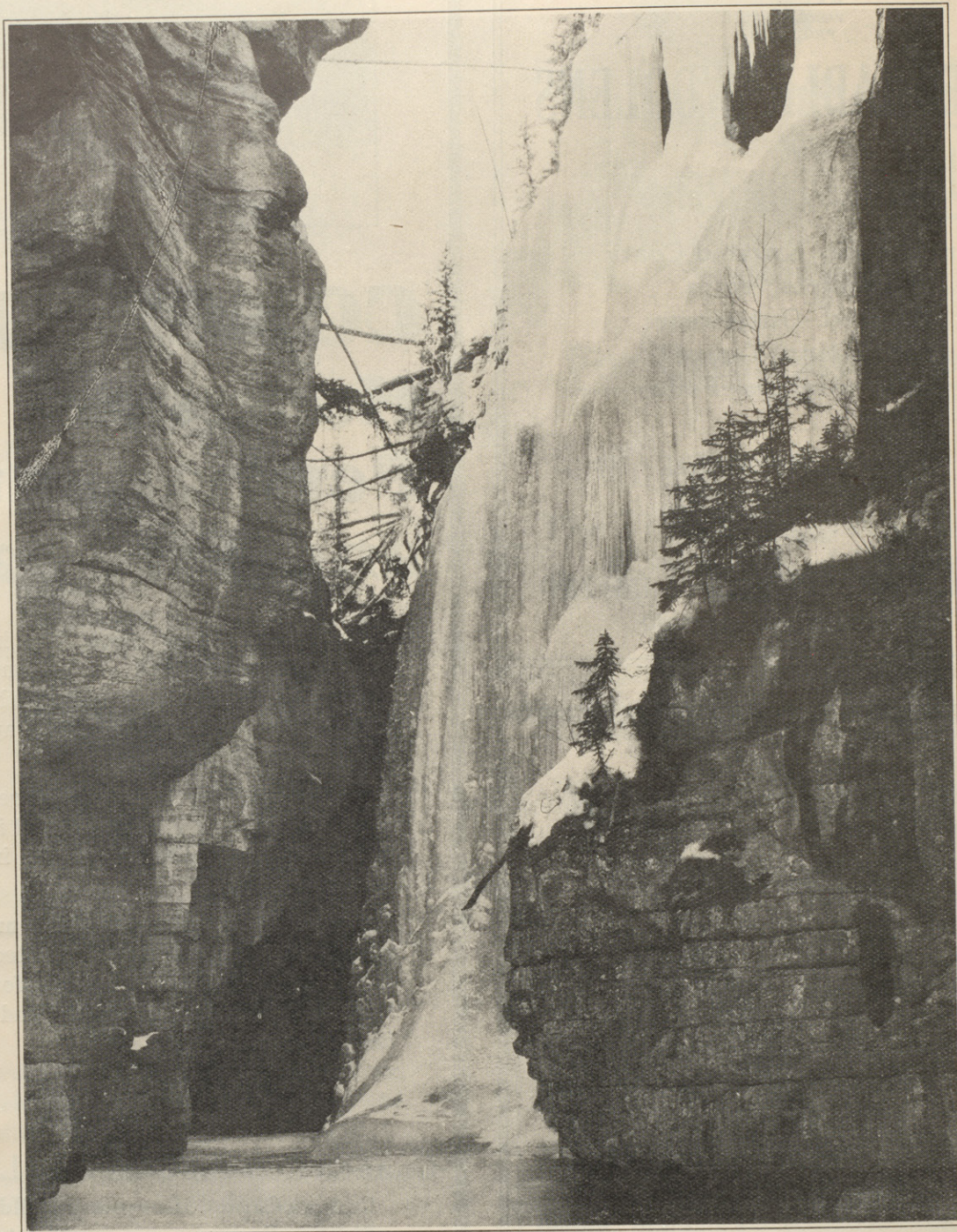
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316 LAGAUCHETIERE STREET W., MONTREAL, CANADA

TELEPHONES: MAIN 7165, 7166, 7167 (PRIVATE EXCHANGE)

J. A. WOODWARD
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Assistant Editor

17

VOL. X

DECEMBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIX

NO. 4

INTERPRETING CHRISTMAS

ONE swallow doesn't make a summer, they say, neither does one snowflake constitute a winter. Nevertheless, the earliest, tiniest flake, drifting down through leaden skies, has power to conjure up a picture of Christmas and all its homely joys which yet may be weeks away.

The long grey street is momentarily transformed into a magic path lined with shops, aglow with tinsel and evergreen and softly shaded lights, while hosts of people, laden with mysterious looking bundles, hurry in and out of the doorways.

And speaking of bundles, what a delight there is in visiting the various stores and choosing some modest little remembrance for a loved one, near or far away, though we may consider the loved one worthy of something far more costly! True, at this season of the year one often parts with hard-earned dollars which have been hoarded for a very different purpose—urgent personal needs, perhaps.

But there is something about the spirit of Christmas which, of necessity, manifests itself in giving—giving to the ones near and dear to us, for they are a part of ourselves and it rejoices us to see them happy; giving to those far away, thereby spanning the leagues of miles with a whole chain of kindly thoughts which revive old friendships; giving to the folks blessed with less of this world's goods than ourselves—the sad-eyed ones whose steps have begun to lag in the race; the lonely ones whom the world passes by and forgets—these bespeak our remembrance at Yuletide.

It is one of the beautiful characteristics of the season of peace and goodwill that every kindly thought, every generous impulse, which at other

---Continued on next page

times may be stifled for one reason or another, is then allowed to blossom into some lovely deed which interprets the message of the Nativity. Perhaps, more sentiment enshrouds Christmas than any other festival of the year. It means much to us because it meant much to our parents and to their parents before them. The bells which peal out their glad tidings on the Great Birthday make the heart throb, possibly as much with a realization of what the Day has meant in years gone by as of what it will mean as time advances. As Longfellow sang:—

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Amid the feasting and the gift giving and the merry-making let us have a thought for the Day's sacredness which is the foundation of it all. Let us remember to lift our eyes to the heavens where the message of twenty centuries ago may still be read by those with eyes to see it.

Above our heads, from out the clear, deep sky,
The stars look down
As when of old their mellow radiance shone
O'er Bethlehem's town.

The midnight bells peal out with solemn tone
From every tower,
Bidding the world with gladness to await
The promised hour.

O lonely heart! look up with faith renewed;
Thy Lord is here;
For now the anthem of the heavenly host
Breaks on the ear.

Lift up each voice to greet the op'ning morn
Of this glad day;
The angels sing, and men with them rejoice,
And gladly say:

"Glory to God, whose promise is fulfilled!
To man be peace!
For Christ our Lord begins His holy reign,
To never cease!"

GIVE HOGAN CREDIT

By HUGH SHOEBRIDGE

"An engine", said Jack Kerry, "an engine ain't just what you think it is; boys a' boys us old fellows knows a real hog has it's feelings. You can't run one as long as I've run 'em and not know that."

The audience were youngsters—wipers, hostlers and a call boy or so. In the little shack that served as an office for the Locomotive Foreman they were gathered around the stove encouraging Jack Kerry in one of his talking spells. For the time being the roundhouse was still for it was the quietest hour of the night at Kamleau. In their stalls great locomotives stood at rest with their fires just a-glow ready to be blown up as their time for action came; among them was the 3808 which Jack Kerry had brought in from the east. Jack had signed off duty and lit his pipe and relapsed into the one armchair; when he came in at this small morning hour he never troubled to go home until dawn.

"Feelings", remarked a hostler derisively. "Feelings—that's more than an Engineer has anyway". He was smarting from some criticism of the care he had taken, or failed to take, of the 2556 the smart passenger flyer with the gold paint. "If 2556 has feelings she must blush when her hogger talks."

Jack Kerry took him seriously. "That reminds me", he said. It was beginning to be pointed out that Jack took the veriest trifling seriously. That he never noticed when the boys were nudging each other and laughing out of the corners of their mouths and winking; he would still talk on earnestly, even fiercely. Men were saying that it was time Jack Kerry was retired; they were beginning to wonder if he was still safe in a cab.

"I mind the time", said Jack—and with that familiar opening the whole group relaxed to listen in comfort—"I mind the time when Hogan had his feud with the thirty-three hundred. Hogan was Master Mechanic fifteen, maybe twenty, years ago. A most powerful talker was Hogan and the thirty-three hundred—she was the wickedest lump of old iron I ever see. A real downright bad disposition had the thirty-three hundred."

Yet I blame Hogan. He cursed his luck because he had to take her from the East when they got some new power down on them divisions around Montreal. Them fellows down there they says to themselves they says, "now what in hades are we going to do with the thirty-three hundred—that dirty old stinking tea kettle! You see boys the old hog wasn't ready for the scrap heap—she had a heap of work in her and if it hadn't been for her mean disposition they would have kept her hauling drags down on one of them Eastern divisions. But Hogan had a mean disposition, too, so they kind of wished

her on to him and up to Kamleau she come one morning as part of the extra power for the winter rush.

"She fell down on us three times in the first two weeks. Seemingly she didn't like 30 below zero and the Lake Superior climate. No matter what they did to her in the shops it didn't make no difference. It was her disposition. For see, boys, when she'd get helped over the grade and home they'd look her over in the roundhouse and Hogan would just naturally cuss himself to tears because he couldn't find nothing wrong. Not a tar-nation thing.

"I always was wise about engines. I can just naturally sense the bad 'uns, the ones that want to balk and lay down. I seen how it was with the thirty-three hundred and so I told Hogan, but first he laughed at me and then he swore at me for an old fool—and mind you I'd been a hostler when Hogan was a pup. I never took much from nobody, not even Master Mechanics, and I told Hogan pretty plain what a little he knew to claim that all there was to an engine was the tubes and boiler and firebox of her. So to be even Hogan thought he'd load her on to me.

"All right Kerry", he says, "you take her; you take this blasted holy junk; may be if you kiss her and cuddle her she'll pull her tonnage over Hemlock grade for you."

"So I took her of course. And believe me or believe me not I made her do the job. The thirty-three hundred and me we'd take our full tonnage out of Kamleau here and we'd tool it into Black River and the very most we had to do was to double Hemlock grade once or twice. I did it steady for a month boys and it was wicked weather. Cold. Real cold. Not like what we get now.

"Hogan laughed at first and then he cracked me up to be the best engineer on the pike. Which I never was. I told him how it was—I studied her mean disposition and I drove her where she could be drove and coaxed her easy like when my senses told me that was what she wanted. We got to a kind of an understanding and Hogan says he was going to ride with me and tell my wife all about it.

"So he come. It was one of these raw nights. Not real bitter but snowy with a nasty bite to the wind. The snow hard and pellety. We took on full tonnage and nothing was sweeter than the old thirty-three hundred for a while. Hogan was back in the van at first and we was around Goose Lake when he come up to the cab. We were spotted there under the tank taking water and I heard a step on the gravel and there Hogan came climbing up. I sensed trouble, boys, for sure as I'm alive the old thirty-three hundred gave a little puff and blew out steam around

her cylinders. The steady cough of her exhaust changed it's note. I knew when Hogan was in the cab there was going to be trouble.

"The fireman swung up the spout and came down off the tender to his scoop. He opened the firebox and in the pretty red glare flung a smooth layer of coal; then he looked back for the signal while I had my hand on the throttle ready to ease her into the load again.

"We was ready to go and I tried to take the slack of them cars gentle. Boys I thought the thirty-three hundred had went plumb crazy. She plunged forward taking up the slack with a yank that went zipping down the whole string and pulling drawbars in every fifth car; then she stopped dead like a balking mule and bang-bang-bang, them cars was piling into the back of each other with reports like gunshots that cracked out right back to the van. Then that wicked old hog sat there blowing steam from her cylinders and Hogan picked himself up from the floor of the cab swearing a blue streak.

"Well, Sir, it was just like I never handled an engine before. We got her off finally after another rip snorting yank and soon we was out and at the foot of the grade into Hemlock. The way she was coughing I knew thirty-three hundred would never make it. Hogan was sitting on the fireman's seat trying to tell me what to do—but Lord I knew what to do. It was a case for doubling into Hemlock so I whistled out a flag and the front end branie pulled a pin and we started up with half the load leaving the rest to be called back for once we'd dropped the first half of the string on the passing track at Hemlock. At first we went up with that light load rolling behind us and I thought the old hog was going to be good after all, but by jiminy before we hit the top she began to bark with them sharp exhausts.

The fireman he was piling on his fire, but try as we would the steam guage showed the pressure dropping. I gave her the sand and just in cussedness as soon as I did it her driving wheels began to slip. The rail wasn't bad, the cold wasn't bad, the load was easy, there wasn't nothing wrong only that Hogan was in the cab and thirty-three hundred could never abear Hogan. I knew so plain that was what was wrong and I never felt one mort surprised when she died right there two feet from the top. 'It's you Hogan', I told him, 'you'll have to get back in the van'.

"Boys, you should have heard Hogan. This was the time he mastered the old thirty-three hundred. He got out there in the snow and raved at her. By jiminy what he didn't call her ain't never been called anything. It was Hogan's bull headed temper—the blue nose streak them Nova Scotians with a bit of

Irish have—against the cussedness bred into thirty-three hundred's very tubes. This time Hogan won. I give Hogan credit. Some fellows think it must have been funny; but I tell you I knew there was very bad feeling on the hill that night. And not all Hogan's neither. Hogan out there in the snow was like a wild man and the thirty-three hundred poured out dirty black smoke and grunted like an old grampus.

"Soon she answered my prayers and Hogan's abuse. When I called on her she gave a tremor, her driving wheels slipped once and then gripped on the sand; she picked up them cars like they was nothing. 'Go on you filthy knock-kneed jelly fish of an oil can', yelled Hogan, 'get moving you useless gob of putrid junk. You'. . . The rest of it faded out for old thirty-three hundred was snorting and rattling along down into Hemlock with that fore part of the train. We never had no more trouble that night.

"That was the time Hogan won. There was another time though. I knew there would be another time; and boys to this day I don't know who won that second bout. I know Hogan didn't and yet I don't know as he was beat. You've got to give credit to Hogan."

Jack Kerry fell silent and mused a space. His listeners smiled doubtfully at each other. Down the yard was heard the rumble of cars bunted by a switching engine. By the windows, breathing ease and power, towering over the little wooden building, went the 2218 moving down ready to take over No. 2 when she pulled in at 4.00 a.m. The shack trembled as the big cylinders, the great driving wheels and the red firebox passed the window.

II

"After that night Hogan left the thirty-three hundred alone for quite awhile. Beyond cursing every time she fell down, skimping on her repairs, and giving her all the donkey work—such as work-trains and ballast trains—beyond this, Hogan left the thirty-three hundred alone. Yet he come to grips with her one day unexpected.

"He was riding east on a passenger train and what must happen but the thirty-three hundred which has a string of ballast cars gives out just before she can get into clear. The passenger train with Hogan on it is held up behind that string of loaded dump cars and Hogan comes rip roaring down the track to see what in Hades is the matter and recalling what the super said to him last time one of his engines laid out a passenger train.

"When he see it was the thirty-three hundred, he just grunted. He clumb into the cab and wants to know what's the matter; he gets an earful. Old Jerry Britton had her that day and Jerry's troubles was always a mile long. When Jerry finishes there ain't one scrap of virtue left to the thirty-three hundred. She leaks, she won't steam—she won't even whistle right according to Jerry. Of course, Hogan all the time is thinking of them idle parlor cars back down the track and the polite way the lady passengers in

them is cussing the Railway Company—not to mention the less polite way the men are doing it in the smokers.

"Hogan pushes Jerry Britton aside. 'Leave her to me', he says, 'I'll get this train into clear or I'll bust this crazy mass of junk all over the right of way. Stand aside. You Riley'—he goes on to the fireman—'you blow up your fire quick as you can; I want lots of steam'.

"Jerry Britton just stood back on the tender apron and wished Hogan luck. He had had enough of thirty-three hundred that day and was not unhopeful that Hogan would have met more than his match."

"Standing there, they was raising the steam pressure all right and soon Hogan thought it



A VILLAGE CAROL

COME joy to you, my masters all,
Be merry while you may,
And may good cheer attend all here,
For this is Christmas Day.
The fire is bright upon your hearth,
And we, good men and true,
Would drink your health, good hap and wealth,
If so it pleases you.

The ivy and the holly tree
Whose leaf it never fades,
How bright they show with mistletoe
For kissing pretty maids.
They make each house a pleasant sight,
A bower fresh and green,
As is most right on Christmas night,
And joyous to be seen.

The wind is cold without your door;
The snow is on the ground.
Yet we may win our way within,
Where mirth and joy abound,
To pledge you in a glass of cheer
Before your Yulelog fire,
And raise again our tuneful strain
If that be your desire.

—C. E. B.



was time to make her lift the load. First he cursed her entire and then he cursed all her parts separate, and when he opened the throttle by jiminy if she didn't pick up her string just as beautiful as any of your big Pacific hogs today. Just beautiful. 'By God she knows her master', said Hogan.

"Jerry Britton stood there wondering how it was done and soon they were pulling into the spur at Calder; in them days there was no passing track at Calder; it was just a spur running along beside the river and coming to a dead end against a pile of ties. Beyond the ties the river bank curved in and there was a twenty-foot drop into the water. Hogan would only just about have room for his train so naturally he was easing in kind of slow and calculating, and he was half

way down the spur before thirty-three hundred played her hand so to speak.

"Now there's some fellows won't believe a thing when it's plain before their eyes. Riley and Jerry Britton seen this thing and I never did, but I understood it far far better than they ever did. I knew Hogan and I knew the thirty-three hundred. Many a man telling about this would say it was what could be expected in an old hog without any morals that had been raising steam pressure for fifteen minutes and the fireman sweating blood all the time. Anyways, have it how you will, half way down that spur something blew in the cab and in just a moment Riley and Britton had jumped right and left onto the ground. They got off light, just scalded a bit, but Hogan at the throttle got the full blast of the steam that filled the cab like a white cloud. Now I sav that thirty-three hundred did that to Hogan just as intentional as I might tread on a spider. But I never tread on spiders, having good reason to know it don't pay.

"Hogan must have been scalded near to death. Most men would tell you that what happened was because he went crazy with pain and didn't know what he was doing. But I knew Hogan. And by this time Hogan knew the thirty-three hundred. He was awake at last to what a devil was in her and in his agony he determined that he'd never leave that evil old hog running on wheels to be a trial and a danger to other men. You must give Hogan credit.

So what happened was this. Of a sudden the thirty-three hundred plunged forward. The throttle must have been pulled wide open and in spite of the steam she was wasting on Hogan and the cab she still had enough to start rolling down that spur like she was taking a string of parlor cars out of Kamleau. The engineer and fireman had not picked themselves up before the dump cars were jerked up and started off like they had somewhere to go; spilling ballast all over the right of way off they went towards that pile of old ties at the end of the spur.

"Hogan and the thirty-three hundred, both in a cloud of steam, went liketty split into the tie pile. They clumb right over it and through it and went with a mighty splash and hissing down into the Otter River. After 'em charged all them cars—bang, bang, bang—crashing into the one foreinst them and coming to a stop all ways up, on and off the track.

"That was how Hogan finished with the thirty-three hundred. You might sav she pulled a master stroke on him when her hatred got to sizzling at just such a point she was ready for killing. But you got to give Hogan credit. Hogan fought to the end—and it was her end as well as his."

The lights in the shack were beginning to look dim in the cold bleak light of dawn. Jack Kerry knocked out his pipe and gathered together his things.

"Time I was getting home boys," he remarked, "I could do with a bit of breakfast."



THE STORY OF OUR CHRISTMAS CAROLS

A PLEA for the revival of carol singing in schools and choirs was made some time ago by a well-known London clergyman. He deplored the fact that the old English carols, which contain not only some of our sweetest national melodies, but are a storehouse of sound Christian theology, should be so much neglected.

Sung between the scenes of the mystery and miracle plays, the Christmas carol is supposed to have originated in the eleventh century. At this period these plays were the popular form of entertainment, especially in religious centres, and these then were many. Thus it became customary for the carol to be sung while the scenes were being re-arranged or shifted, and these songs generally had reference to Christmas and Twelfth Night, and the redemption of mankind. In this way it was that the carol became popular to be handed down even to our own time.

At Christmas gatherings then it was the rule to ask every person present to contribute a song to the entertainment of the evening, and the guests invariably sang those songs or carols that, having been sung by their fathers, were handed down to them to sing, as did their parents before them. So the songs sung at these plays became Christmas songs or carols.

It was only when Puritanism overswept the land and Christmas feasts and merry-making were abolished, that the voices of the carollers were hushed. Happier days came, with them the celebration of Christmas was resumed, and the carol, melodious or otherwise was heard again.

At the British Museum may be seen a time-stained parchment, on which is written by a monkish hand the first carol of which we have certain knowledge. It was penned in Norman-French in the thirteenth century, but this particular carol is better fitted for a convivial gathering than for a religious service. For this was the type of many of our earliest known carols—songs of gaiety and good cheer such as might form a spirited accompaniment to the steaming wassail-bowl and the flames of godly logs roaring up spacious baronial chimneys. Such was the character of that "sett of carols" which Wynkyn de Worde gave to a jollity-loving world in 1521.

Such songs, however, would have been little to the taste of the Franciscan friars, who are said to have originated carols in England

about the time of Henry III., mating old ballad-melodies to holy themes—grave and solemn Christmas chants such as "The Sons of Levi"—

"For we are the true-born Sons of Levi,
By the bright and the glorious star."

But with the Reformation came a chastening of high spirits and a return to the carol of more pious days. Strangely enough, scarcely any traces of very early carol singing can be found in Scotland; though it has always been



CHRISTMAS EVE

CHRISTMAS EVE, and twelve of the clock,

"Now they are all on their knees,"
An elder said as we sat in a flock
By the embers in hearthside ease.

We pictured the meek, mild creatures where
They dwelt in their strawy pen;
Nor did it occur to any of us there
To doubt they were kneeling then.

So fair a fancy, few could weave
In these days! Yet I feel,
If someone said on Christmas Eve
"Come, see the oxen kneel.

"In the lonely batten by yonder coomb
Our childhood used to know,"
I should go with him in the gloom,
Hoping it might be so.

—Thomas Hardy.



prevalent, not only in England, but in many other countries on the Continent. Warton, in his "History of English Poetry," refers to a license granted in 1562 to a certain John Tysdale, permitting him to publish "Certain goodly Carowles to be songe to the Glory of God," as also "Crestenmas Carowles, authorized by my Lord of London."

In the "Gude and Godly Ballates" of Scotland, as also "Ane Compendium Book of Godly and Spiritual Songs," printed at Edinburgh in 1621, we find the Puritan protest against these so-called "Carowles," and, indeed, against the observance of the old festi-

val of Christmas itself, as savouring of that popery and Mariolatry which they so rigorously condemned.

Happily the best of the old carols have come down to us, such as "The First Nowell," "The Holly and the Ivy," and "What Child is This?"—haunting melodies with an irresistible swing, allied to quaint words which add the charm of story to the spirit of praise.

And to such survivors from ancient days, composers and poets of more recent years have made many welcome additions. Such are "Christians, Awake!" written by John Byrom as a Christmas gift for his little daughter, and first sung at the door-way of Byrom's house, Kersal Cell, near Manchester, on Christmas Eve, 1750; and Gounod's "Cradled All Lowly," the air of which is so simple that a baby might lip it; and yet it is presented to present-day audiences with all the pomp, and dignity that a great orchestra and choir could give it.

CHRISTMAS IN OLDEN TIMES

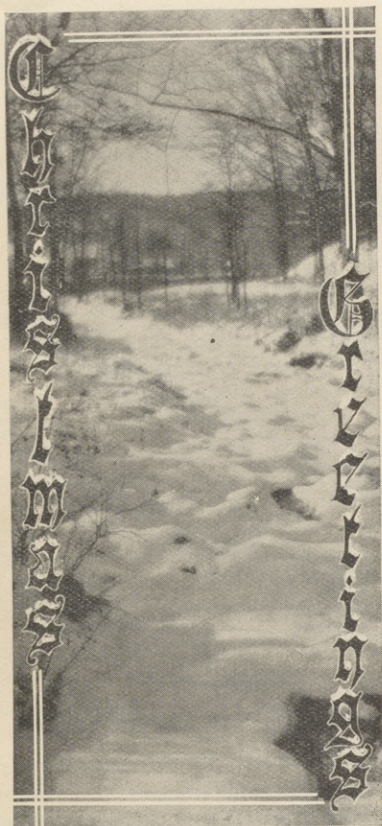
SIR WALTER SCOTT has given us a cheerful picture of Christmas as our forefathers kept it, when the baron's doors were opened wide to vassal, tenant, and serf, and Power laid down his rod and Ceremony doffed his pride, halls were decked with holly and damsels donned their kirtle sheen, "nor failed old Scotland to produce at such high tide her savory gosse," says Mary Aughton. Many old observances survive, along with hospitality and friendly reunions, for the spirit of Christmas is renewed as year succeeds year, unconquered either by war or war's grim aftermath. The darkest days of the year are beautified with kind thoughts, glow with holy incentives to peace and goodwill, and hold besides the ancient associations of mirth and cheerfulness, the generous giving which expects no return, but rejoices in having friends to give to, and in being able to give.

Ged rest ye, little children; let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this happy night;
Along the hills of Galilee, the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the Child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas Day.

—Christmas Carol.

PEACE AND GOODWILL

WE are beginning to feel already the sweep of life that hurries us all along to the keeping of the Christmas season; our music already takes on a Christ-



mas tone, and we begin to hear the song of the angels which seemed to the Evangelists to give the human birth of Jesus a fit accompaniment in the harmonies of heaven.

This song of the angels, as we have been used to reading it, was a threefold message; of glory to God, peace on earth, and good-will among men; but the better scholarship of the Revised Version now reads in the verse a twofold message. First, there is a glory to God, and then there is peace on earth to the men of good-will. Those, that is to say, who have the good-will in themselves are the ones who will find peace on earth. Their unselfishness brings them their personal happiness. They give themselves in good-will, and so they obtain peace. That is the true spirit of the Christmas season. It is the good-will which brings the peace. Over and over again in these months of feverish scrambling for personal gain, men have sought for peace and have not found it; and now, when they turn to this generous good-will, the peace they sought comes of itself. Many a man in the past year has had his misunderstandings, grudges or quarrels rob him of his own peace; but now, as he puts away these differences as unfit for the season of good-will, the peace arrives.

That is the paradox of Christianity. He who seeks peace does not find it. He who gives peace finds it returning to him again. He who hoards his life loses it, and he who spends it finds it:—

"Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds
three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

That is the sweet and lingering echo of the angel's song.

OLD NEW-YEAR'S GIFTS

WHEN pins in their present form were invented in the reign of Henry VIII. they at once became very popular as New Year gifts for ladies, or if not pins "pin money" was given. The Act for the true making of "Pynnes" stipulated that the price should not exceed 6s. 8d. a thousand.

Gloves were also a favorite New Year's present. There is a pretty story told of Sir Thomas Moore, who as Lord Chancellor, decided a case in favor of a lady with the unattractive name of Croaker. On the ensuing New Year's Day she sent him a pair of gloves with 40 gold coins in them. Sir Thomas returned the money with the following note: "Mistress,—Since it were against good manners to refuse your New Year's gift, I am content to take your gloves, but as for the lining I utterly refuse it."

CHRISTMAS DAY

CHRISTMAS DAY has dawned at last,
A day of great rejoicing!
When young and old with one accord
Are Christmas wishes voicing.

Seated round the blazing fire
Cracking jokes and crackers,
Singing songs of heart's desire
There's no room for slackers.

Some are young with witty tongue
And faces bright and gay;
But old and young enjoy the fun
On merry Christmas Day.

—DOROTHEA HAWKES.



CHRISTMAS GREENERY

FROM time immemorial, holly, as well as yew and mistletoe, has been associated with the winter religious festival by Druids, Romans, and Christians.

The Christians in Britain took the custom over from those who worshipped heathen gods, and invested it with a new and mystical significance. So by degrees, there grew round the holly a symbolism to which the tree in its attributes readily lent itself. Its general brightness made it a fit symbol for rejoicing at the Birth of the Christ-child, its evergreenness spoke of the life unending, its white flowers of purity, while its sharp spines and blood red berries foretold the crown of thorns and the passion that lay before Him.

In the middle ages a curious rivalry was supposed to exist between the holly and the ivy as to which plant took pre-eminence in the Christmas celebrations. The ivy being dedicated to Bacchus, was not thought to be an altogether suitable plant with which to decorate the insides of buildings, whilst the holly, which by time had become the "holy" tree, was used within both church and house.

Many old carols and songs celebrate this rivalry, one such in the Harleian collection dated 1456, begins thus—

Nay, Ivy, nay, it shall not be I wys;
Let Holy hafe the mastery as the maner ys.

Whilst another verse says:—

Whosoever against holly do cry
In a rope shall be hung full high.

No custom, coming down to us from the earliest days of our history, has perhaps persisted so regularly and so unchanged as that of Christmas decorations with greenery, and always holly is mentioned. Yet it is rather curious to find in 1656 a writer named Coles speaking of it as if the custom were growing obsolete.

All sorts of quaint bits of superstition are attached to holly. It was said to be the chief detestation of witches, and it was believed one could divine the future by its means. It was also reckoned to be a guard against thunderstorms, and the ancient Kelts used to plant it in their homes to ward off evil.

It may not be generally known that holly has "sex," and only the female trees bear fruit. In the Midlands, however, the difference of "he-holly" and "she-holly" has nothing to do with sex only with the form of the leaves, the prickly kind being called "he-holly" and the smooth kind "she-holly," though prickliness is often as much a characteristic of the female sex as of the male. Anyway there is a quaint country superstition that if "he-holly" be first brought into the house on Christmas Eve, the husband will be master of the house during the coming year, but if "she-holly" comes in first, the wife will "wear the breeks."

The true keeping of Christmas is the realization of the great love that brought us salvation and left us the example of a divine life.

IN RETROSPECT

I AM sitting tonight in the glow of the grate and am counting the years that have gone,
And I'm thinking of how I have used up the time and what I have given each one.
I have toiled to the top of the hill's western slope, and I'm just looking backward to see
What I've done with the days and the years that were mine and all that has happened
to me.

I've tasted of happiness, laughter and love, and all of the things that are sweet;
Have walked through the valley of sorrow and woe, but never admitted defeat.
I have stumbled and fallen—not once, but a score—have been criticized time and again,
But I find no disgrace in the fact that I fell, but pride that I've risen again.

I might have been rich, if I'd wanted the gold, in place of the friends I have made;
I might have had fame, if I'd chosen renown, instead of the hours that I've played.
I haven't built much of a fortune to leave to those who shall carry my name,
And nothing I've done shall entitle me here to a place on the tablet of fame.
But I've loved the great sky, with its spaces of blue, and have lived with the birds and
the trees:

I have turned from the lure of the silver and gold to share in such treasure as these,
I have given my time to the children of men, together we've romped and we've played,
And I wouldn't recall the glad hours spent with them for the money that I might have
made.

I chose to be known and be loved by the boys, and was deaf to the plaudits of men,
And I'd make the same choice, should the chance come to me, to live my life over again.
I've lived with my friends and I've shared in their joys—known sorrow, with all of its
tears;
I have harvested much from my acres of life—though some say I've wasted my years.
For much that is fine has been mine to enjoy, and I've tried just to live to my best,
And I find no regret, as the shadows grow long, for the gold that I might have possessed.
I have wiped away tears and have planted some smiles—have walked hand in hand with
despair;
I have helped with the burden and lightened the load—too hard for my brother to bear.

And all through the years I have done just my best to banish the tear and the sigh:
I have lost out on wealth, but I'm sure of this truth—I've got some things that money
won't buy.

And the song of the birds, the perfume of flowers, the love of the dog and the boy
Shall make me content, as I wander along, so sure as they're mine to enjoy.
So the years may slip by, as they have in the past—I've no reason to change or amend—
For the path I have followed is filled with delight, and will always be mine in the end.
If this be success, then I'm surely content; if it's failure, I make no amends—
But the boon that I crave, as the years roll along, is to live in the hearts of my friends.

—W. N. Brown, *Yeoman Shield*.

"K-K-K-KATIE'S" AUTHOR IS CANADIAN

Mr. Geoffrey O'Hara, formerly of Chatham, Ont., entertains with fund of French-Canadian songs and inexhaustible fund of stories

By ROY CARMICHAEL

EVERYONE has heard, and everyone has sung or tried to sing, or at least has hummed the air of "K-K-K-Katie," but not everyone is aware that its famous composer, Geoffrey O'Hara, is a Canadian, an old Ontario boy, born in Chatham.

Mr. O'Hara was in Quebec the other week-end and was inveigled into the Jacques-Cartier Salon of the Chateau Frontenac to attend a banquet given by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to a number of newspapermen, who were in the Ancient Capital for the inauguration of the rebuilt section of the Chateau.

Mr. J. Murray Gibbon, General Publicity Agent of the C.P.R., who presided and was responsible for the programme, had secured Charles Marchand, the noted French-Canadian folk-lore interpreter and singer, and, to make Marchand's songs more easily understood by the American newspapermen had translated them into English with such success that the "boys" were soon warbling the choruses as if they had sung them all their lives.

It came to McGibbon's knowledge that Mr. O'Hara had set a number of Dr. Drummond's Habitant poems to music, and in the persuasive way with which he overcomes such difficulties the C.P.R. man induced Mr. O'Hara to forget his shyness, and sing a number of songs to his own accompaniment including "Leetle Bateese," which, it need scarcely be said, brought down the house, the French-Canadians, including Marchand, joining in tribute to Mr. O'Hara's genius.

First, however, the American composer, in an effort to sidestep the singing, told a number of stories, all good, and some of them new. One of them was about the East Side New York teacher who asked her class the meaning of the word "Stoic". A little Jew boy held up his hand. "It's the boid what brings the babies home", he said. "And what is the meaning of 'Cynic'?" queried the teacher. "That's where mama washes the dishes", the boy replied.

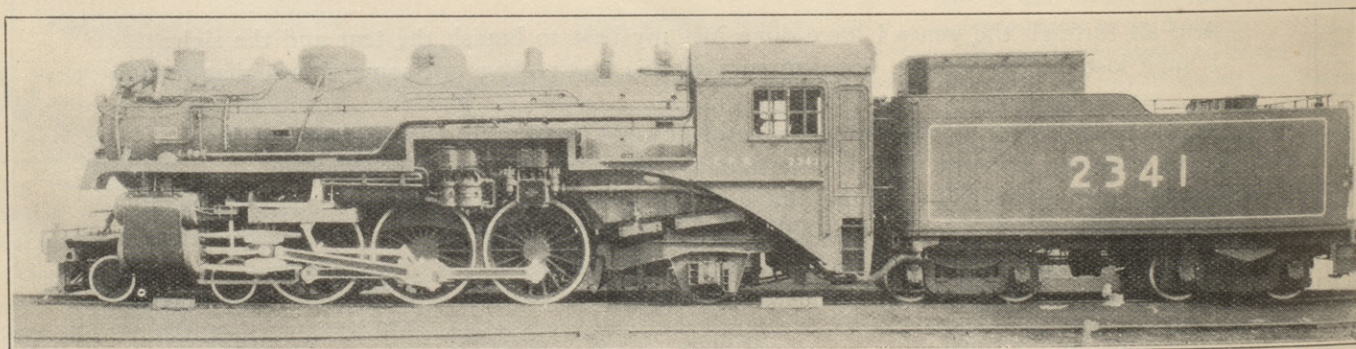
Mr. O'Hara told a good one "on" General Pershing. When Pershing paid his first visit to the front line trenches he was led by a guide, and after him in single file trailed his staff officers. There was tense excitement as the guide in a hoarse whisper explained the various purposes of the trenches, and Pershing, covering his mouth with his hand, passed back the word to his officers, also in a stage whisper. "Communication trench", whispered the guide, and Pershing duly passed the information back. "Front line trench" huskily in a voice that could scarcely be heard. "Front line trench", whispered Pershing to the officer nearest him, and the whisper was passed down the lines. Then a thought struck Pershing. The Germans must be very near. He had heard the enemy's trenches being separated from the Allies sometimes by only a few yards, so that the troops were practically facing each other. "Where are the Germans?" he whispered. "About two miles away", came the whispered reply. "Then, why in H— are you whispering?" roared Pershing. "I've got a sore throat, sir", was the guide's reply.

O'Hara's stories were racily told. They were capped by one told in the characteristic French-Canadian way by Captain Trudel, Chief of Police of Quebec, who, by the way, wears a tie-pin he received from King George. Captain Trudel told the story of an Irishman who had neglected his religious duties for years. One day in the woods he was confronted by a ferocious looking bear. He dropped to his knees and prayed for help, adding apologetically that he knew he did not deserve to be helped as he had neglected his religious exercises. "But", he added, "if you can't help me, God, please don't help the bear, and you'll see the most—d—dest fight you never see in your life".

"That must have been a French-Canadian trapper", someone remarked. "Sure it was" replied the Chief. "But I made him an Irishman to please O'Hara."

A little girl ran into the house crying bitterly, and her mother asked her what was the matter. "Billy has broken my dolly," she sobbed. "How did he break it?" asked her mother. "I hit him on the head with it," was the answer.

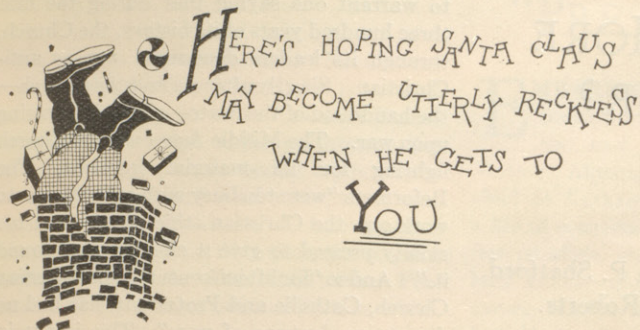
She: While you are asking papa for my hand, I'll play something lively on the piano. He: I'd rather you didn't, dearest. You know, some people can't keep their feet still when they hear lively music.



C.P.R.'s FINEST LOCOMOTIVE

Another marked improvement in the efficiency and construction of modern railway locomotives has been achieved by the Canadian Pacific Railway. Twenty-four "Pacific" type locomotives are being delivered to the Company, and are the most powerful in use. They will be known as the G-3-d class and are very similar in design to the well-known 2300 series Pacific class locomotive. By a special application of the superheaters, the boiler pressure is increased from 200 to 250 pounds per square inch. This is regarded as a highly important improvement, greatly increasing the speed, haulage capacity and general efficiency. This was accomplished without increasing the weight of the locomotive by using a stronger nickel steel boiler, which is the first nickel steel shell boiler plate used in locomotive construction on the American continent.

Delivery has also started on 20 Mikado type locomotives of the 5300 series, having the same improvements as have been applied to the 2300 series, with the addition of mechanical stokers.



LET'S MAKE CHRISTMAS BRIGHTER



Baby Jack

AS long as you see that I get my three bottles a day, you can keep your Christmas. I want miles and miles of that pretty colored paper—all along the ceiling and round all the pictures on the walls. I love that, and they don't have half enough of it.

And none of those things about which they screech and giggle and make such a fuss; then they pull it and it goes off with a bang. Gives me a jump every time. They're HORRID. No crackers please! Where's the C.S.P.C.C.?

Molly, the Flapper.

MAKE it a chocolate Christmas. I'd like to have to wade ankle-deep in boxes of choes to the front door after the last postman has come.

Christmas is "too" bright, if you ask me! As soon as I've bagged and set aside a nice dark corner for when Dick or Charles or Leslie is going to feel a bit fed-up with dancing with the kiddies, along comes mother and says: "Here's another lovely corner to hang some of these pretty lanterns in! Fetch the steps and the hammer, Molly, dear!"

Of course, I'm all for a Merry and Bright Christmas—but keep it dark a little bit "somewhere," don't you think? Ask the other girls!

Peter, the Postman

YOU don't know of any real good cure for sore and tender feet, do you? It's the first million parcels of Christmas week that are the worst. Speaking professionally, us postmen will never "really" get the best out of Christmas till we're able to send all Christmas presents weighing over two ounces by wireless.

Sparkling Suggestions
from All Sorts of
People



Bill, the Burglar.

I SAY that nobody ever thinks of the poor dawgs at this gay-and-festive time. Why shouldn't the poor dawg, what is proper fed-up with his people all the rest of the year, have a real Christmas holiday on his little own?

Send your dawg away to a dawgs' nursing home or something. Give him a rest from all of you—he's earned it.

And we want louder gramophones. D'ye get me? So loud that you can't hear yours truly paying any of you a nice little visit, all quiet and friendly like.

It's about time they started to breed dogs without barks—what's the use of a bark, anyway? Life's crool hard in the winter. Give me a chance, can't yer?

Uncle Septimus (aged thirty-one)

YOU can't improve Christmas, take my word for that! I'm lucky enough to have kept a bachelor, and I've got any number of charming nieces. I wouldn't mind begging myself to get all their little presents if I had to, bless them all! Keep Christmas just as it is for me—Christmas, when all the dear girls are jolly and any time is kissing time! Good old Christmas!

Aunt Maud (aged thirty-nine and single)

I WAS alarmed to read in the newspapers that there will probably be a shortage of mistletoe this year. This is simply terrible news. This is—every right-thinking spinster will agree with me—AWFUL! What would our Christmas be without mistletoe?

I call upon all the maiden ladies of this great Empire to join the great organization I am starting—the "We-Can't-Have-Too-Much Mistletoe League." Every garden, whatever the size, must immediately start planting mistletoe, or rearing it, or pickling it, or however the pretty little flower is got. Ladies, rally round me! More mistletoe, and plenty of it!

Grandfather George

B-R-R-RR-RR-HHHHHHHH! Hide that thermometer—it frightens me. Isn't it icy? I can't help that noise—it's only my poor old teeth chattering! There's only one thing to be done. Have Christmas on the twenty-fifth of JUNE!

Mother

THERE can't be anything nicer than Christmas, and seeing all the boys and girls again, and their kiddies, who make you feel so proud that you're a grandmother!

But it could be "easier"—things cost so much these days, and a lot of the dear boys get married early and haven't too much to spend. There must be quite a lot who really can't afford to visit the old folks for Christmas. So I think the clever and thoughtful railway companies ought to let everybody who is really going to the old home for the Christmas holidays travel half fare. There wouldn't be any family disappointments then!



"AND THERE SHALL BE NO MORE WAR" or CAN WE END WAR?

A Book Review, by C. J. B.

"The Christian and War (an appeal)", by

Rev. M. F. McCutcheon, Rev. Dr. W. A. Gifford, Canon Allan P. Shatford,
Rev. W. D. Reid, Rev. T. W. Jones and Rev. Dr. Richard Roberts.

AMONG the recently published books there is one that should have especial interest to readers, for it is the work of a Montreal professor and is issued under the imprimatur of no less than five other outstanding clergymen—representing as many different denominations within the same city. The title given to the book is "The Christian and War," and it is sent forth as an appeal to the men of the Churches. Its plea is, discover the facts concerning war and then proclaim them, so that we may avoid such a catastrophe in the days to come as fell upon us in 1914. It is not a plea of "peace at any price" that is here set forth; the writer recognizes that "force" may be very necessary at times. He carefully distinguishes between "war" and "force." War "is a long drawn out and deliberate preparation for the use of every known means of cruel and collective destruction," whereas appeals to force are described as "national or international police action" for moral ends, "War" is banditry, "force" the gentle yet effective means used to keep the peace. The one is utterly demoralizing, the other exists to serve the ends of justice. "Wars in general have been appeals to armed force for the settlement of questions in dispute, without judicial examination and decision by any accepted tribunal." Whereas, "Force can be made to serve the ends of love, reverence and service"—"it may intervene on the side of justice or helplessness"—

Such "international police action" presupposes, of course, an International Court of Justice of some sort whose judgments can thus be given effect—but to this we will return.

The indictment against war is very thorough and would well repay careful study. To attain brevity with clarity in this article I will bring the matter under three heads; the writer brings to our attention the costliness of war, its horror, and withal its utter uselessness. "One would require to sink a Lusitania every day for seventy years to match the frightful human destruction of the Great War"—so much for its cost in human life! The cost in dollars and cents is as astounding, "To Britain, the direct cost of the war, if her loans to her allies were recoverable, would still be one thousand dollars for every man, woman and child in her borders, while the indirect cost is almost as great". But this is not all. What of the moral costs? This is a quotation from C. E. Montague's "Disenchantment." "You need to have two gears to your morals, and drive in one gear in war and the other in peace. While you are on peace gear you must

not even shoot a bird sitting. At the last stroke of some August midnight you clap on the war gear and thenceforth you may shoot a man sitting or sleeping or any way you can get him, provided you and he be soldiers on opposite sides. "War suspends the rules of moral obligation, and what is long suspended is in danger of being totally abrogated." Then "war, now, is an unmitigated curse." The day has gone—or is going very fast when the valor, the skill and the endurance of the individual soldier decided the day. We are in the era of warfare by bombs dropped from the air upon defenseless cities; of long range guns whose gunners cannot in any sense be certain where the missiles will fall—as likely as not upon helpless non-combatants in a city some seventy miles distant! Of poison gases deadly enough to "destroy all life in a great city." War has ceased to be an affair between soldier and soldier. It is now, in the grimmest sense, an affair between nation and nation and expediency is the only law. Men, women and children in enemy countries are as legitimate prey, as the soldier in uniform. All this was manifest in some measure in the last war. It will be more so should another such conflict arise—and it will unless our children are wiser than we are.

Worst of all, war is utterly useless. Nearly a decade has passed since the "war which was to end war." What have we gained? There are more armed men in Europe to-day than there were in 1913. There is deeper National hatred than at any time during the last 100 years. The writer of this book, in an interesting passage, shows how the Great War was the lineal descendant of half a dozen European wars fought within the last century. "Peace" is only another name for a "truce in which to replenish the exchequer, and recruit a larger and better-trained army." Space forbids my dealing with the causes of war, which the writer treats in a very thorough fashion, and it seems to me, that a quotation from Lord Bryce will form a fitting conclusion to this paragraph, "After twenty centuries of civilization and nineteen centuries of Christianity, mankind is settling its disputes in the same way that mankind did in the Stone Age!" Much of the book is devoted—and rightly, of course—to the attitude of the Church toward war. The truth is apparent that the Church has no doctrine of war. Dr. Gifford gives an impressive list of early church fathers who "denounced the practice of arms" as inconsistent with the Christian profession—Justin Martyr, Tatian, Irenaeus, Tertullian Origen and Athanasius—the list is formidable enough

to warrant one saying that during the first three hundred years of its history, the Church, through its leaders denounced war as anti-Christian. Shortly after we find the Church—the handmaid of the State—giving its blessing upon war. The Middle Ages finds the Church fighting for its material interests. The Reformers "were too busy with other things to work out the Christian ethic of war and too closely pressed to give it effect if they found it." And so "for fifteen centuries the Christian Church, Catholic and Protestant, has had no distinctive doctrine of war." This is due in part to the confused understanding of Scripture—and of Christianity itself! Cromwell went to Ireland and his cruel butchery of men, women and children is still remembered with especial hate. Now Cromwell was a good man,—a Puritan, and he justified his action by Scripture: Did not God command Saul to slay Amalak and spare not, but destroy all—even women and children? Cromwell forgot that Jesus had given a better law, a law of love—even to your enemies! There is enough in the Old Testament to satisfy the "blood lust" of the veriest fire eater, but the Old Testament itself sets a higher standard. We should be careful to remember that the standards of Israel's infancy are not the standards of its maturity, but most of all let us remember that Christ set us a standard which supercedes all. "Ye have heard that it was said of old time, an eye for an eye—but I say, love your enemy, do good to those that hate you." We should take Christ's word, and Christ's alone for our guidance. But what is Christ's word? Three principles are given here, Love Reverence and Service. Love to our fellows, reverence for their personality. "Jesus would protect the souls of men against assault," and service to humanity. These principles, Christ did "not so much prescribe the action to be taken in particular situations as proclaim the spirit to be manifested in all situations." Jesus is silent about much, but these principles apply to all—even to the question of war. Here again it is necessary to say, the writer of this book does not say—nor does he claim to say the last word. He does insist that the Christian must think out—and the Church must think out its doctrine of war, and to help them, he leads the way. And the Church must make up its mind!

What is, then, the task of the Church? This is from Earl Haig: "It is the business of the Church to make my business impossible." The Archbishop of Canterbury follows, "We have seen with our eyes, we have heard in our homes and hospitals its unspeakable, its illimitable horrors—once let the Christian men and women upon Earth, West and East, North and South, kneel to God side by side, stand shoulder to shoulder before men, to say what they mean shall happen or rather, what shall not happen,—and they are irresistible." And Lloyd George, "If the Churches—allow that (another war) to fructify, they had better close their doors." One might go on, so say General Bliss of the U.S. Army; Sir Philip Gibbs who had "an unexampled opportunity to observe war as war correspondent." So say

the Nation, the New Republic, and the Christian Century and many others.

The time is most favorable. Never were so many organizations making for peace and good-will among men—The Union for Democratic Control which seeks to interest the public in foreign affairs—(secret diplomacy is the most fruitful cause of all wars); the World Alliance for the Promotion of International Friendship through the Churches; the World's Students' Christian Federation; the Permanent Court of International Justice, which arose out of the ashes of the Great War, "which is recognized by no less than thirty-one nations, and lastly, the League of Nations—a "Parliament of Man." It has already "helped to prevent several wars, to rehabilitate stricken Austria, to focus the moral energy of mankind against flagrant international evils, to advance open and honorable diplomacy by the registration and publication of treaties." Much more one would like to add, but it is enough.

It is a careful study and the case is presented clearly and convincingly. The style is good and the reading is easy. It is hoped that the book will have the sale it deserves. The publishers, too, have done their work well. Paper, type and binding together are delightful to one who likes books.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

*How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;*

*Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath;*

*Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by
praise;*

Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

*Who hath his life from rumors freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;*

*Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.*

*This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And, having nothing, yet hath all.*

—Sir Henry Wotton (1568-1639).

"PRESENTED" A LIVING SACRIFICE"

EMBARKED at last upon "the most beautiful adventure of all," for which she had prepared so many others, Mother Alphonsa Lathrop, the youngest child of Nathaniel Hawthorne, has finished a life of consecration and devotion which has few parallels, and is perhaps unique, in the long annals of charity. She gave up all—career, family, a life of comfort—to devote herself to those suffering from incurable cancer and who were too poor to pay for any sort of service. Her Rosary Hills Home in New York was a refuge where every comfort was given them and where, it is said, not even a whim was denied the poor incurables. "By her death," observes the New York "Herald Tribune", "New York is deprived of one of its finest philanthropists." And, speaking of her as "a literary link with the past," the Troy "Record" says: "But more especially was she one of those rare souls who become immortal because of their love for and devoted service to mankind. The work she did at her Rosary Hills Home was exalted in that she herself applied the warmth of charity that too often expresses itself coldly and disinterestedly."

Mother Alphonsa was the last surviving child of Nathaniel Hawthorne and the widow of George Parsons Lathrop, author and editor. In her earlier years she continued the literary tradition of her family, both as a poet and an essayist. She married Mr. Lathrop in London when a girl of twenty, and both continued their literary work for many years. Their only child, a boy, died in childhood. In 1891 both renounced the Unitarian faith and became Catholics. It was then, we are told, that she became interested in the study of cancer and its alleviation among the poor. After the death of her husband in 1898 she opened a small home for patients in Cherry Street, New York. In the following years she widened the scope of her charitable enterprise by establishing larger homes in New York City and in Hawthorne, New York State, as well as by forming a community of Dominican Sisters known as the Servants of Relief for Incurable Cancer. For admission into these homes founded by Mother Alphonsa the requirements are simple and yet exclusive. Only those are received who are without money and who have neither friends nor relatives to support them. Neither creed nor race is a bar; it is sufficient that the applicant is poor and suffering.

Last spring, soon after her seventy-fifth birthday, Mother Alphonsa received the gold medal awarded annually by the New York Rotary Club for the outstanding service to humanity during the year. She was active up to the time of her death, and we read in the New York "World" that she "insisted on tending herself the worst cases among her charges." She tried to satisfy not merely the needs of her poor, but also their whims. To many a welfare worker, "The World" observes editorially, it would have been

enough to provide a refuge for the sick and to provide charity's indifferent hospitality. "But not for her. Her guests, poor and helpless though they were, were still her guests, and treated as such: their whims were deferred to as well as their needs, and did they crave preposterous delicacies she did not chide them for being unreasonable but did her best to satisfy them, and usually succeeded."

Distinguished daughter of a distinguished father, Mother Alphonsa outdid him in the story she lived, think some observers, and the Cincinnati "Post" believes that "something of his mysticism, his sympathy and his revolt at conventionalized life seems to have entered her soul, though to find form in a very different expression." And says "The Post":

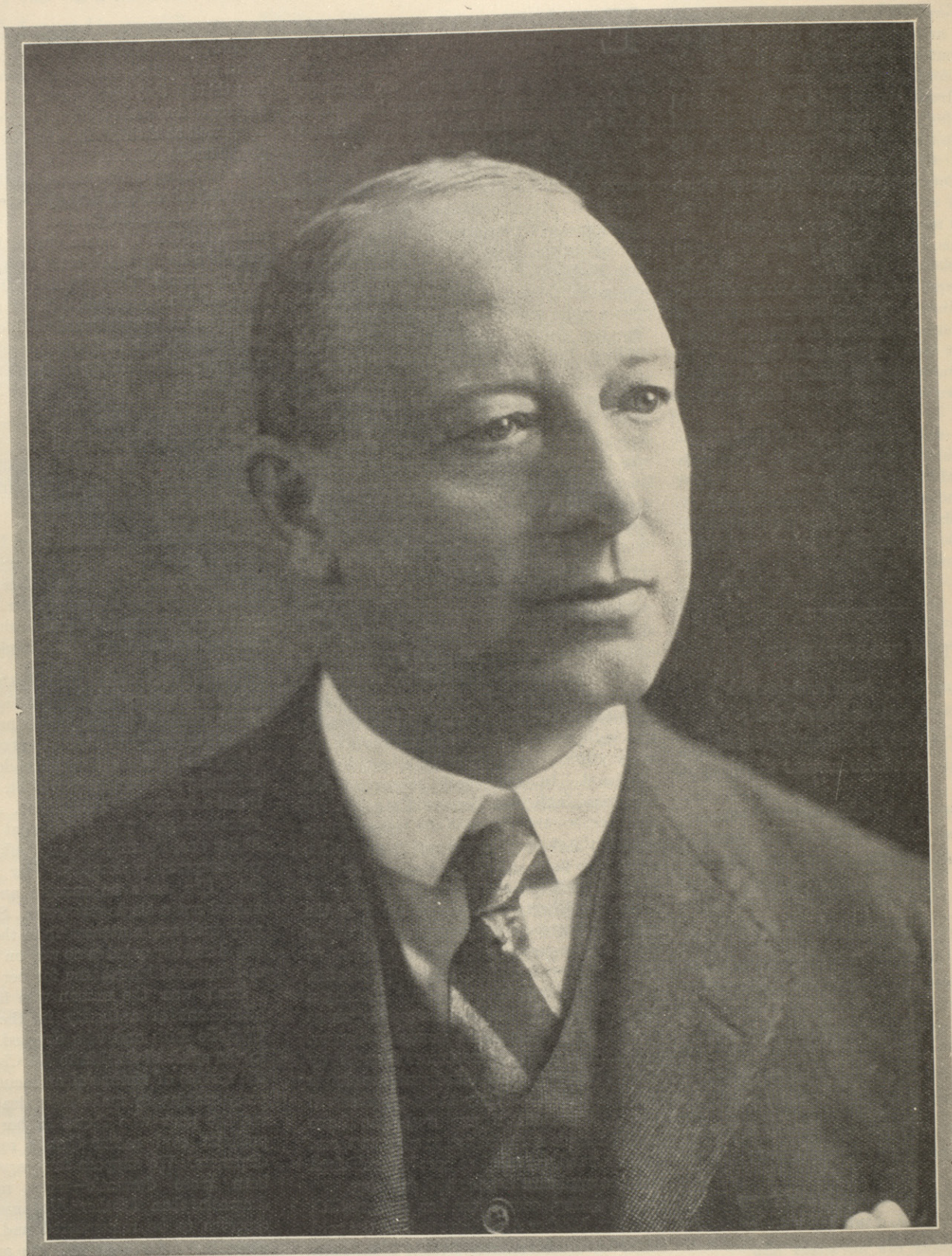
Superficially she may have forsaken her father's faith when she became a Catholic, but she was essentially true to it when she dedicated her life to the service of helpless sufferers.

To understand how much Rose Hawthorne Lathrop gave up, it is necessary that we know that, as the Brooklyn "Eagle" puts it, she was "born into the cult of the New England literary Brahmins," and made herself a clever writer. And says "The Eagle":

Those who knew Mrs. Lathrop forty years ago when her short fiction was in great demand in the magazine market, when her poetry was most impressive, and when her light sketches for children were charming the little readers of St. Nicholas, recall a fascinating personality. As a conversationalist she was much what Margaret Fuller was, lighting up any subject with wit-tempered philosophy. Her tact was fine. She made no enemies and herself nursed not a single animosity. She had a very wide acquaintanceship in the literary world and depended in no way on the name of Nathaniel Hawthorne for her prestige.

Such was the woman who found the allurements of authority in the Roman Catholic faith and who devoted her life, in the spirit of St. Marie De Chantal, to the service of victims of an incurable disease, seeking to make slow death easier for the poor who found in her a sympathetic soul rather than a mere alms dispenser. We suppose few careers have been more dramatic—more rangelessly dramatic than Mother Alphonsa's. She deserves to be remembered and will be remembered for what she was and what she achieved for the benefit of suffering humanity.

The superior durability of some woods is found to be due to contained substances that are poisonous to wood-rotting bacteria and fungi, the poisons being more concentrated in heartwood than in sapwood.



Mr. J. E. Dalrymple, who has resigned as Vice-President in charge of Traffic and Express in The Canadian National Railway Company, after a career of over 43 years with one railway interest. Mr. Dalrymple, who started as office boy with the Grand Trunk Railway in 1883 went seven years later to Chicago, where, becoming secretary to George B. Reeve, then Traffic-Manager of the Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway Company, he came under the direct influence of one of the brightest traffic officers in North America and gained knowledge and experience of traffic conditions with the United States and internationally, so essential as a sure foundation for the great future awaiting him. Subsequently filling important posts in Hamilton, Detroit, St. Albans, Winnipeg and Montreal with that energy and capacity which characterized his work at the commencement of his career and which gave him a premier place among traffic officers of both countries, he was as a matter of course chosen by Sir Henry Thornton to head the entire freight and passenger organization of the Grand Trunk System, and later the Express Department of the combined railways, now comprising the whole Canadian National Railway System. Mr. Dalrymple's retirement from the transportation service will be a distinct loss to it and to the commercial interests of Canada which he so thoroughly understands.

WOMEN AS EMPIRE BUILDERS

TO reconstruct the world after war and to weld the Commonwealth of Nations is the purpose of Britain's persistent effort toward Empire settlement, and while some plans emphasize the need for men, they make only a passing reference to the need for women. A country can be colonized without women, it is noted, but when settlement begins, they are absolutely needed. At this time of unemployment, when Britain looks to the Dominions for a solution of the problem of the workless, it would be well to pay more attention to women as Empire builders, suggests a contributor to "The Empire Review" (London), who points out that while the women who are successful at home are not likely to emigrate, also those who still have to learn that they are not properly educated until they can use their hands as well as their heads should stay at home. But whatever their education or training, says this writer, E. F. Miller, the future of Britain's Empire depends most on the character of those who go, especially on the character of the mothers. The beneficent influence and tenderness of the thoughtful woman is required, and he adds that as wife, mother, sister, teacher, nurse, homemaker and inspirer of men, she is a power in Empire building. A man may devote his life to wheat-growing or sheep-farming, or to gold and diamond-digging, but woman must be "the many faceted diamond sparkling in the Crown of Empire," and Mr. Miller proceeds:

Labor-saving devices are not to be expected in a new cabin, for farming is an expensive undertaking and homesteaders do not usually have money left over from the capital they put into their business. Vacuums may be purchased, but every man knows that the best labor-saving device is a capable wife about the house. In countries where all work, there is no stigma attached to domestic service. A woman trained in housewifery need not feel inferior, and she is always confident, but, in addition to reliable cookery, she should have a knowledge of dairying, poultry-keeping, and gardening. These are sometimes more important than house-keeping, for houses are simple affairs on farms.

Steam-laundries do not exist in the outlying districts of Australia, so the girl who grumbled at blistering her hands over the polishing of a linen collar in a domestic-science class may one day be proud to send her colonial husband to a distant town wearing a well-laundered one.

Canada, Australia, and New Zealand are clamoring for domestics. Women farmers are not prominent in any of the Dominions. Widows do carry on farms established by their deceased husbands, but a woman beginning needs capital and men to labor for her, besides a strong will and business ability. Nearer the towns she can become

a fruit-grower or market-gardener. But, where farming is on such a large scale, women's work is chiefly in the house, except at harvest time, when they help outside. They can succeed in New Zealand as poultry-farmers, if they can find handy men to do carpentry. Bee-keeping, the growing of flowers and vegetables for the towns, and of seeds for Britain are less strenuous forms of money-making than those of Canada or Australia. Dairy farms are large and there is not much hope of employment in creameries, as there are too many factory workers already."

In South Africa life is easier for the settler because the rougher work is done by natives, and this informant advises us that there is some demand for kitchen superintendents, nurses and governesses and for wives, but he adds, warningly, "the climate has to be

reckoned with." Of all professional women emigrants, nurses are the most needed, it appears, and the great expense of supplying district nurses in sparsely populated regions is said often to cause suffering and death among homesteaders too poor to pay.

The English sparrow-hawk is the swiftest bird, sometimes flying at the rate of 150 miles an hour; he would put an express train quite in the shade, wouldn't he?

The smallest bird's egg is about the size of the head of a pin. It is laid by the Mexican humming bird; and the tiniest British bird, the golden-crested wren, is so very small that it would take it and about 72 of its brothers and sisters to weigh a pound.

TO PREVENT RAILROAD COLLISIONS

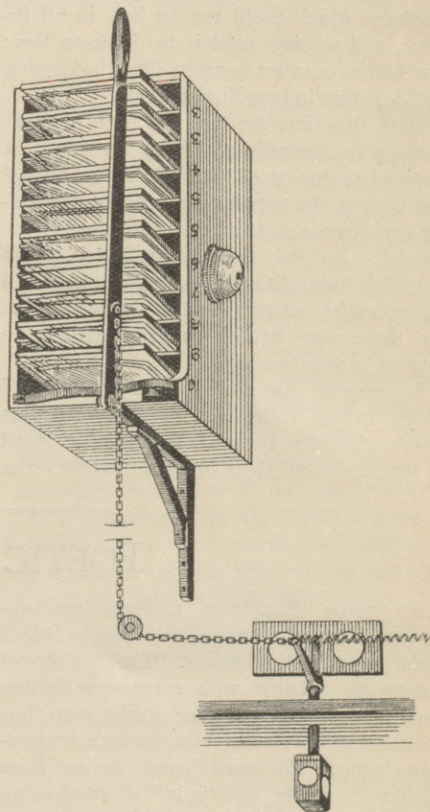
New System Invented by a Railroad Man
—Canadian National Railway Giving it a Trial

THE most serious railroad accidents of recent years have not been caused by breaking of rails, bridges or engines, but have occurred when all these factors were in perfect working order. With increased business has come more and faster trains. This has thrown such responsibilities on train dispatchers that the men wear out in a few years. Even when the dispatcher has given an order he cannot be certain that an agent miles away will execute it properly.

Mr. E. Peterson, Canadian National Railway agent at St. Hilaire, Que., has had patented a device which has for its object the prevention of collisions caused by operators forgetting what train orders they have in their possession. The device, it may be said, briefly, consists of a convenient box or receptacle for train order blanks, placed immediately behind a semaphore or signal board lever which virtually locks its contents (the order blanks) till the lever is raised from across it; this process puts the semaphore or signal board at "danger", thus preventing an operator accepting train orders for delivery before it is so set. Should an attempt be made to lower the semaphore or signal board lever before the object of the extracted order blank has been accomplished and the blank returned to the box, the operator is warned by an electric bell. The bell also rings should the semaphore or signal board fail to properly respond to the lever.

Mr. Peterson has his patent in working condition at St. Hilaire, and has had it ex-

amined by the Canadian National Railway officials, who express themselves favorably.



THE CHRISTMAS BUSH OF AUSTRALIA



THERE is a tree, with beautiful green foliage that grows round about the districts near the coast at Sydney, New South Wales, which possesses pleasant associations with the Christmas season, says F. C. Leeson. About two months before Christmas the tree begins to be covered with white scented blossoms which afterwards give place to pink and yellow seed vessels. About Christmas Day these seed vessels assume a bright red color.

The first settlers in Australia at Sydney looked about them for material wherewith to celebrate their first Christmas away from home, but found very little material for effective decoration purposes. There was, of course, holly; but as it was then midsummer—as it always is in Australia when the season of Yuletide comes—so the holly had no berries, and was thus devoid of its greatest significance as a seasonable emblem. The brilliant seed coverings of the tree that grew with such profusion in the sandy wastes by the shore appealed to these homesick people as a very efficient substitute for the holly and mistletoe which could not be had in all its glory, and so they used it to decorate their new homes in order to assist them in keeping up Christmas in true English style.

Since this time the tree has been in great demand in Australia at Christmas time. It received the name of "our Christmas bush," and became the popular material for decorating shop fronts and the private houses in the district. Not only this, the use has spread to the other Australian States, and it is now sold as decorative material in the shops much in the same way as holly and mistletoe are treated in this country.

So greatly has this "Christmas bush" grown in the estimation of the Australian people that the trees are annually stripped of practically all their branches; wherever it

may grow—in gardens or in the wild state, the tree is not safe from the stripping process. It is fortunate, however, that the tree has great recuperative powers, and it recovers rapidly from the rough usage and bears the



THE SPIRIT OF GIVING

NEVER mind if the money in the purse is small so long as the wish in the heart is big. And in receiving presents remember always that they stand for something more than themselves. It's nice to get "just what I wanted," but nicer still to know that the gift expresses what we all want most of all—love.

In recent years we have lost something of the true spirit of giving. We have thought over much of the value of the presents offered and received. If we are rich people and can make others expensive gifts it is very nice for us—and for them. But originally the stress was on the significance of the gifts rather than on their worth in money.



same amount of Christmassy decoration every year without fail.

Holly is fast becoming ignored as a seasonable shrub, and without the "Christmas bush" Christmas would be robbed of half its significance in Australia.

POETIC BEAUTY

To many Christmas customs and observances are attached superstitions or beliefs filled with poetic beauty. The custom of decorating a house with evergreens derives from a belief that woodland spirits were thus provided with a shelter from winter's devastating storms. The word "carol" derives from "cantare" to sing, and "rola," an interjection of joy, and carol-singing is the custom of celebrating the Nativity with joyful song, as

did the angelic choirs heard by shepherds at Bethlehem. Almost every European nation has its carols; our earliest Christian forefathers had theirs, and a few have been handed down from Anglo-Norman times.

The way to the manger is ages old. But still is fair,
And kings and beggars and young and old,
Have crowded there.

"EWE LOAF"

The modern Christmas cake derives from the "Ewe Loaf," a cake decorated with the figure of a lamb, and the customary Christmas gift in certain districts long ago; the symbolism of the lamb is obvious. "To the soft-eyed kine some secret things are known since they knelt at the manger-throne," writes a Scottish poetess of to-day, indicating the source of the lovely old belief that at midnight on Christmas Eve the gentle kine fall on their knees. The poetry of the human heart allies itself with the spirit of happy Christmas.

DICKENS AND CHRISTMAS

"I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin as a good time—a kind of forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of in the long calendar of the year when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave and not another race of creatures bound on another journey!"—"Christmas Carol."

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Holland is the source of a large proportion of England's Christmas tree supplies. The tree is grown specially for the purpose, and there is a declaration on the label of each bundle that the trees are unsuitable for further cultivation, and are free from insect pests or disease that would cause them to be condemned under an Order of the Board of Agriculture two years ago. Local supplies of trees come from Kent, Surrey, and farther afield. The great point about a Christmas tree is that it should be shapely, and this is not always the case with those taken from plantations where they have been grown merely as cover for game. Those raised by market gardeners for Christmastide are always allowed space all round in which to develop the symmetrical pyramid form desired. It is not difficult to account for the popularity of the Christmas tree. To the children it has all the appealing elements of mystery and brightness, as well as the wonderment as to what it holds for themselves. The older folks enjoy it no less, and can be offered a gift from its boughs less costly than might be the case if more formal presentation had to be made. Indeed, it is quite fascinating shopping for the dainty trifles that can be given from the tree to the grown-up guests expected. Of late years the Christmas tree has become an important asset of Covent Garden's annual trade.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

Yet Christ hath won the victory,
For life and love's simplicity.
—Old Carol.

LIFE OF RAILS DEPENDS UPON METHOD OF LAYING

Rail Damage Often Direct Result of Rough Handling

Many persons do not realize how much damage can be done to rails by careless handling, but it is a fact that many rail failures are the direct result of careless unloading, a careless stroke of a spike maul or other act of thoughtlessness. For example, on one road where all failed rails are held for inspection by a representative of the chief engineer, it has been found that in 75 per cent of the split web rails, where the crack is down in the middle of the web, or angling across the web, spike maul marks are to be found on the web, usually on the side opposite the beginning of the crack.

Blows Fracture Rails

Where blows from a spike maul in the hands of a careless man are so plainly evident in the web of a rail as to cause failure, there can be little doubt that similar blows on other parts of the defective rails also cause failures at times. The only remedy for this is careful handling.

Rail-Laying Methods

One of the most important things in the life of a rail is the manner in which that rail is laid on the ties. By manner of laying is meant:

1. Whether or not it is laid with proper space between rails to take into account their expansion in hot weather.
2. Whether or not the low ties are surfaced up promptly or shims used to prevent the kinking or twisting of the new rails.
3. Whether or not the new rails are properly anchored to preserve the distribution of the expansion space.
4. Whether the proper jointing of the rails is being done.
5. Whether or not the rails are canted inward so as to prevent a normal bearing of the head to the tread of the wheels, or whether they are laid with the axis of the rail straight up and down regardless of the bearing of the wheels.

Factors in Rail Laying.

The first factor in the correct laying of rails is to see that sufficient space is provided between the rail ends to take care of the natural expansion in hot weather. This is of the utmost importance when rails are laid in cold weather, and of less importance as the weather conditions, when the rail is being laid, approach the maximum temperature which the rail will undergo in its lifetime of service.

The second factor bearing on the correct laying of rails—that is, the prompt surfacing up of low ties—must be given careful attention to avoid damage to the rails by bending or kinking, in the same spots where the old rails were placed.

The third factor, the prompt anchoring of rails in the proper place to prevent “creeping” with the consequent bunching, causing tight joints at some localities and open joints at other places.

The fourth factor mentioned, which, by the way, is really a grouping of several factors, covers the prompt and correct bolting up of joints, and doing other work in connection with putting the newly laid rail in the best possible condition. The importance of providing for the expansion of the rails is shown by the fact that a rail 33 feet long will increase $1/16$ inch in length for each 25 degrees in rise of temperature, and a rail 39 feet in length will increase $1/16$ inch in length for each 20 degrees increase in temperature.

The fifth factor, that of canting the rails inward, is at least of equal importance to the necessity for providing for the increased expansion of the rails. Those opposing the use of canted tie plates and the resulting canting of rail, and consequently defending the laying of rail straight up and down, are not defending an old and long established practice, as they may think, for, previous to the use of treated ties it was the general practice to cant the rail inward by adzing the ties enough to make the rail head show the wheel bearing in the centre of its face.

Vertical Rail Practice

When railroads began using treated ties the adzing was found to be detrimental as it bit into the untreated portions of the wood. Then the practice of laying the vertical steel was adopted for the protection of the ties and without a thought for the damage which it might do to the rails and the wheels. The practice was not the result of careful thought or well considered experiment, as is often said.

The results of vertical laying are:

The mashing and wearing down of the gauge side of the rail head until the face of the rail approaches the line of taper of the wheel.

The rolling out of a bead, or “hang-over,” along the gauge edge of the head of the rail.

Within the past five years a new type of rail failure has become noticeable, in the form of a crack in the web at, or very near, the line of connection of the fillet, under the head, with the top of the web. Investigations have proved that this kind of failure is due to eccentric loading of the rail.

Contact Wear Problems

The constant wear and grind of the wheels due to contact with the rails is bound to be at a point of contact, and the depth of wear is governed by the width of the bearing. With rails laid vertical, a new wheel must make contact with a new rail well toward the inside edge of the rail and near the flange side of that wheel.

Canted Rails

Because of these reasons it is necessary, if the greatest possible life is to be obtained from the rails, that they be laid canted to the same extent as the taper of the car wheels which will come in contact with them. To do this and at the same time protect the ties, canted tie plates should be put into use.

ANONYMOUS LETTER WRITING

Recent outbreaks in various parts of the country of a plague of anonymous letter writing recall a story of that eminent Nonconformist divine, Dr. Parker, who made a neat score on one occasion against the writer of one of these epistles. Whilst in his pulpit one Sunday morning at the City Temple, a note was handed to him by the vergers, and upon opening it he found scrawled across a sheet of paper the word “Fool.” Rising immediately to the occasion, the great preacher exhibited it to his congregation, and said: “In my time I have received much anonymous correspondence in which the writer has written the letter but forgotten to sign his name. But here is a stranger thing—a man has signed his name and omitted to write the letter!”

An American locomotive firm has successfully underbid a German organization for a Brazilian order of 17 locomotives.

UNCLAIMED MILLIONS IN BRITISH BANKS

A STORY is told of a former customer, an old lady, of a well-known bank. For a long period she had £28,000 (\$140,000) standing to her credit, and at least once a year she drove up to the bank, asked for the manager, drew a cheque for the entire amount, and, after counting the notes and checking the interest paid it in again with the assurance that she was perfectly satisfied.

About twelve years ago she ceased to visit the bank, and since then nothing has been heard of her. The £28,000, plus interest, is still lying there.

Similar eccentricities are not so uncommon as might be supposed. Such curious whims, the desire for secrecy in money matters and the strange chances that so often make life a great adventure, are among the causes of the accumulation of unclaimed money in banks.

Eccentricity commonly takes the form of opening accounts in assumed names, some of which are palpably fictitious. A London chemist, when on his deathbed, told his wife of several names of this kind he had used for banking purposes, including "K. N. Pepper," obviously a phonetic rendering of "cayenne pepper", or, in full, "King Napoleon Pepper".

He gave her a note signed "K. N. Pepper", authorising her to draw the account standing in that name. After his death she obtained it, but not until she had brought an action against the bank, which refused to give up the money on the ground that there was insufficient evidence to identify the depositor.

When a man has two or more accounts it often happens that at least one of them is overlooked after his death. An instance occurred in India, where a Scottish mariner who traded between Bombay and Calcutta left money in both places. His family received the fund in Bombay, but not that in Calcutta.

Twenty years later a solicitor accidentally discovered the second account, with the result that the next-of-kin received a further £400. To open accounts in assumed names is folly unless a proper record is made of them.

Life's chances also add to the unclaimed gold in bankers' coffers. During a debate in the British House of Commons it was stated that a man lost at sea during the War, had deposited about £400 in some bank, and that his next-of-kin had been unable to discover the establishment.

Tracing the Heir

Through a more remarkable combination of circumstances another deposit is still unclaimed. A man called at a bank to open an account, bringing with him several hundred pounds. Pending the verification of his references, he was not given either a cheque-book or a pass-book. And though he left the money, he did not get a receipt for it. Crossing the road on his way home, he was knocked down and killed, and as there was nothing in his possession to show that he had deposited the

money at the bank, it has not been claimed to this day.

Banks never advertise their windfalls, nor do they, as a rule, make inquiries concerning the ownership of dormant funds in their possession. They pursue the same policy in

RAINY SUNDAY

DO you remember the day in February
That it rained and rained?

It was a Sunday and we stayed in doors
beside the fire,

And just when the sun should have been
setting,

A sulphurus, cinnamon candle
Was lit somewhere in the heavens,
And you went out and called to me,
"Come!"

And we stood on the terrace and looked
about us,

On a world blanketed with black gauze,
Rubbed to a dull lustre of lemon and
silver

Through taupe and gold chiffon!
It was just like living a fairy tale!
The bare trees had been dipped in mer-
cury!

The wet road running by the door
Was an onyx and platinum path that
might have led to the moon!

Drops, dull as cat's eyes,
Dripped, dripped,
Everywhere . . .

We looked at each other;
Our flesh was the color of old ivory!
We wanted to exclaim, but instead
We only caught our breath and stared. .

It only lasted a minute,
And we laughed afterward,

But I tell you,
I should not have been surprised
If the Angel Gabriel had appeared beside
us,

Or if a silver-green dragon belching al-
mond-colored fire

Had lunged at us down the lane!

regard to deposits of scrip, shares, mortgages, plate, and the like.

An Irish peer once heard at Melbourne (of all places in the world) that a quantity of plate belonging to him lay in the vaults of a Dublin bank, where it had been deposited by one of his ancestors nearly a century earlier. It was handed over to him immediately he applied for it, though until then its custodians had said nothing whatever about it.

Sometimes, however, a bank goes out of its way to trace the persons entitled to a dormant

account. A remarkable instance occurred about ten years ago. In 1828 a gentleman gave his solicitors power of attorney to receive any dividends due to him in winding up the affairs of some bankers who had failed. Four years later the solicitors paid into their client's account £125 16s., and then £94 7s.; but for some reason the money was left untouched. It remained in the bank for more than eighty years, interest being added to it annually, and eventually grew into \$1,400. The bank then made an investigation, which resulted in the money being paid out to a Worcestershire vicar.

In connection with savings banks, special circumstances, in addition to the ordinary factors, operate to swell unclaimed money. Many depositors are as little versed in affairs as was a certain woman who left £200 untouched for more than thirty years because, as she explained, she had lost her deposit book and thought that her money went with it.

Other depositors are extremely secretive. A certain woman, on opening a box after her husband's death, found in it two Post Office Savings Bank books, one in his own name, and the other in the name of a Tom Fox, whose address, as given, was a non-existent number in the same street. The accounts amounted to £340 1s. 2d.

As nothing could be discovered about Tom Fox, the presumption was that both accounts belonged to the deceased. So the money was paid to his widow.

Intestate's estates, again, are not looked after as carefully as they are when the value reaches hundreds of thousands of pounds. A newly-married couple opened a joint account, to which both paid in weekly. When they had saved a nice sum the man deserted his wife and went to the Colonies, whence he wrote to say that he would never return.

Nevertheless, she continued to save, thinking that sooner or later he would surely come back. But she died lonely and forsaken, and, as she had no relations, the money she saved with such high hopes has never been withdrawn.

What is the total sum lying in banks unclaimed? It is impossible to give any definite figures. In the Post Office Savings Bank alone there are millions of dormant accounts, and, though many of them are small, their aggregate value is considerable.

Reports show that between 200,000 and 400,000 cars of fresh, dried and canned fruit are shipped annually from California.

Believed to be the largest single amount ever added to a railroad "conscience" fund, a \$100 bill was contained in an anonymous letter to the Pennsylvania System.



TO DEAD LEAVES

*These leaves have seen the swallow and the rose,
And violet tides that wept at eventide,
Past saffron moons they whispered ever wide,
Kissing the amber of the daylight's close.
When sparrows nested and the south wind goes
Through Spring's domains to where the Summers hide,
These leaves, then green, begemmed the countryside,
Filtering with gold and jade the afterglows.
Then comes Dame Autumn with her fingers brown,
And the wild wood witch tearing leaf from tree,
Calling the winds the amber spoil to cast,
And the red leaves are shifted up and down,
In russet, amber, yellow as may be,
These leaves that hold the memories of the past.*

PETRONELLA O'DONNELL.

CANADIAN RAILROADER FOOTBALL CLUB



Back Row: Messrs Bain, Pollock, Bradley, MacKenzie, McFarlane, Pearson, Mould, Newsam. Middle: T. Todd, Jones, Neasmith, J. Todd, Bonnemmer. Front: Davies, Queen, McBride, Traynor, Harrowing. Rossiter, the club's regular inside left, was absent through illness when photograph was taken, Traynor playing in that position.

FOOTBALLERS HAVE SUCCESSFUL SEASON

Canadian Railroader Football Team Given Promotion to Second Division of Montreal League for Season of 1926

FOLLOWING up the very successful season of 1925, when the Railroader Football Team won the Championship of the Mid-Week League, and the Macoon Challenge Cup, the club was given promotion to the Second Division of the Montreal League for season 1926. It was doubtful if the calibre of the team was good enough for such a strong league. On the other hand, it was a hard task to break up a winning combination that had gone the whole of the previous season with only a loss of one point, a drawn game. After considerable discussion it was decided to start the same team that had operated the past year.

It was realized that a better-equipped ground would have to be secured, Nomads' ground eventually being leased for the season. After several practice games the season opened with Railroaders entertaining Fairmount as visitors. Fairmount was quite a young team, but had a reputation as a hard team to beat. After quite a tussle the Railroaders emerged victors by a score of 5 to 2. This winning form was continued until the team met Victorias, who were running the Railroaders a close race for the leadership of the league. Victorias ran out victors by a score of 2-1.

The Railroaders later in the season avenged this defeat by beating the Victorias 4 to 1 on the latter's ground. The season was half gone when it was seen that the only danger of being headed came from the Canadian Spool team, whose headquarters are in Maisonneuve and were considered just about strong enough to nose out the Railroaders. The first game between these two teams was in the nature of a "Derby" day. After a hard, strenuous game the Railroaders emerged victorious by 3 to 1.

From then on there was no serious opposition to the Railroaders' position at the head of the league, which they eventually won in a canter. The return game ended with Spool on the short side of a 2 to 1 score.

But for the defeat by Victorias the Railroaders would have finished the season with a perfect record. The record was; Played 14, won 13, lost 1, drawn 0. Goals scored 68, against 16.

There was only one serious accident during the whole season, Joe Grossmith in the Victoria game which was

lost, severing the cords behind his knee, and being put out of the game the rest of the season.

In the Frontenac Cup games the Railroaders beat Fairmount and Emard in succession to meet Canadian Spool again in the final game of the season, played before a large crowd on the C.P.R. Angus Shop grounds. The two teams battled to a 0-0 tie ten minutes from time, when the Railroaders scored the deciding counter, which gave them possession of the beautiful Frontenac Cup for one year. This trophy was donated by Mayor Beaubien of Outremont for annual competition. The success of the team is undoubtedly due to the splendid feeling of co-operation and good fellowship which exists between the players and committee not only on the field of play but as workmates in the plant of Canadian Railroader, Limited.

Players who helped the club throughout the season were: Goal, H. Nicholson, and Geo. McFarlane; Backs, J. McKenzie, F. Rowland and A. Pearson; Half backs, F. Young, J. Todd, J. Neasmith, T. McCutcheon and N. Massey; Forwards, J. Davies, T. Queen, J. Tingman, J. McBride, J. Rossiter, S. Harrowing and S. Jones.

Committee, Pres., O. C. Montgomery; H. Mould, L. Pollock, J. Jenkins, J. Traynor, G. Bonemer, and W. A. Newsam, Sec.-Treas., Teddy Davies, Trainer.

A NEW SONG BOOK

An interesting book which is promised by J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd. (London and Toronto), for about January 10, 1927, is "Canadian Folk Songs—Old and New", selected and translated by Mr. J. Murray Gibbon.

ONLY within recent years have we begun to realize how rich is the treasury of lovely melodies associated with the folk songs of French Canada. These melodies date back in many cases three hundred years and to a time when all Europe was, so to speak, a nest of singing birds. The words of the songs are also full of charm, but hitherto these have not been accessible in singable translations. It is to remedy this omission that Mr. J. Murray Gib-

bon has selected thirty of the most popular chansons and provided English versions which not only convey the spirit of the originals but also are wedded closely to the music and are easy to sing. They have been submitted in this connection to the criticism of several well known professional singers, who have expressed their complete satisfaction.

The melodies have been handed down from generation to generation purely as melodies, without harmonization, but in order to conform to modern taste and to popularize the songs in English-speaking communities, harmonies have been supplied by two accomplished musicians, Mr. Geoffrey O'Harra and Mr. Oscar O'Brien. Mr. O'Hara is the composer of such well known songs as "Give a Man a Horse He Can Ride," "There is No Death," "Little Bateese" and "The Wreck of the Julie Plante." Mr. O'Brien is well known throughout French Canada for his beautiful harmonizations of French chansons as well as for original compositions.

The selection includes not only the old traditional songs brought with the early settlers from France to Canada, but also more recent folk songs created by the lumberman and habitants native to Canada. For music is a living art in French Canada, and songs illustrating the life of the people are still being created.

In the selection the translator has been greatly assisted by Mr. Charles Marchand, the most popular folk song singers in the Province of Quebec, whose life work it is to keep alive and foster the singing of these folk songs among his fellow countrymen. Mr. Marchand supplies some valuable notes of advice to singers.

Charmingly illustrated with decorative title page and headpieces by Frank Johnston, A.R.C.A., CANADIAN FOLK SONGS—OLD AND NEW, is a book which any one will be proud to possess. The music is clear and legible, the type easy to read, and the format most convenient.

The original French words are printed side by side with the English versions, and both the translator's preface and Mr. Marchand's notes are printed in both languages.

Waterville, Me. — William Peterson, here, is 83 years old, but he still is able to lay claim to being the champion wall paper hanger in the town. He has just completed the job of hanging 600 rolls. Peterson smokes all the time, and says he took a drink in the days when it was obtainable.

THE PUN

An Ancient Form of Wit

PROFESSOR Stephen Leacock has poured scorn on the English predilection for making puns, a form of humor, he declares, unintelligible as such in the New World.

We can plead tradition, but perhaps Professor Leacock is justified, for even the most amusing pun does cause the smile that is wry, tintured faintly with irritation; and the worthy John Dennis, who vowed that a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket, must have the sympathy of many for his peevish outburst.

And yet more witty sayings are puns than puns are witty sayings. There is the famous grace spoken at dinner by Charles II.'s Court Jester: "Great praise be to God and little Laud to the devil." One imagines the stately archbishop's irritation in this case!

A pun attributed to Gregory the Great on seeing British captives for sale at

Rome was "Not Angles, but angels," so we may assume that the habit was not unknown in those days, whether regarded as wit or otherwise. In mediaeval times, too, punning must have been rife, as witness the humorous heraldic instances. In Henry III.'s reign Adam de Swynebourne was granted three boars as his armorial cognizance, the family of Knyvette three silver knives, and that of Hopton a lion hopping on a tun, all undeniable puns though the last is very crude wit. However, a glance through Fairbairn will reveal scores of similar examples.

Punning seems to have reached a fever-heat about fifty years ago with the publication of "Puniana," under the editorship of the Hon. Hugh Rowley, a two series "magnum opus" containing, according to the publisher's announcement, over 10,000 outrageous puns—and the adjective is fully merited. There are

puns in Italian, French, and English, some of them puerile in the extreme, though others can perhaps claim ingenuity if not humor. Thus:—

This is what you Macauley riddle. If you saw a house on fire what three celebrated authors would you feel disposed to name?

Ans.:—Dickens—Howitt—Burns!

Or:—

If the tops of the Tower were out of repair what two historical characters would they mention?

Ans.:—Wat Tyler Will Rufus.

And so on, "ad lib." We will suppose our fathers laughed even if we cannot. It is more refreshing to recall the "bon mot" attributed to a certain witty celebrity, who, on being asked if he had ever been to Cork, replied, "No, but I've seen many 'drawings' of it."

But of the making of puns there can be no end.



IMPRESSED BY SUPERB NEW LOCOMOTIVE

Five hundred of the most expert railroad men on the North American Continent, delegates to the 33rd annual convention of the American Association of Railroad Superintendents, took a trip to Quebec at the termination of their convention in Montreal and stayed at the Chateau Frontenac at the invitation of the Canadian Pacific Railway. They visited the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, saw the monuments of the Ancient Capital, took a look at the famous Montmorency Falls, and had a good time generally over the Saturday of their stay. But the subject of their conversation on and during the trip was not altogether the beauties and attraction of Quebec City. What they admired and could not sufficiently discuss and talk about was the engine that drew their 14-all-steel car C.P.R. train-engine No. 2325.

It is one of the "2300" class of passenger locomotives, the largest in use by the C.P.R. and employed on their trip for the first time on the Quebec run. With its tender it weighs just about a half million pounds and for this colossal weight, rails, bridges and general equipment along the Quebec tracks have had to be strengthened. This engine was built in 1923 and notable facts in connection with it are gallons of water and twelve tons of coal.

The photograph gives a fine view of this superb machine with a group of superintendents who have strolled up to inspect it before it pulled out of Windsor street Station, Montreal. All of the five hundred superintendents gave it a thorough inspection before the trip was over.

ANNUAL REPORT OF BANK OF MONTREAL SHOWS MARKED BUSINESS EXPANSION

Assets now stand at \$781,525,145, a Gain for the Year of over \$26,000,000—
Current Loans at \$322,855,265 represent an increase of \$52,000,000—
Deposits are up over \$24,000,000 for the year, and now total
\$656,259,466

The Annual Statement of the Bank of Montreal for the fiscal year ending October 30th, issued recently, contains a number of interesting features. Shareholders have reason to regard it as a most satisfactory exhibit. Of perhaps greatest general import is the striking evidence it affords of a substantial improvement in general business throughout Canada. With more business offering, profits have shown a tendency to increase and assets have climbed to much higher levels. At the same time, the usual strong position of the Bank has been fully maintained.

Total assets now stand at \$781,525,145, up from \$755,147,876 at the end of the previous year, representing a gain of over \$26,000,000. Of this, the total liquid assets amount to \$424,919,084, equal to 60.35% of liabilities to the public. Included in the liquid assets are cash, Dominion notes, and deposit in Central Gold Reserves, amounting to \$100,411,633 or 14.25% of public liabilities, and call loans and balances with other banks of \$180,670,613. Dominion and Provincial Government securities stand at \$79,157,614. Railway and other bonds, debentures and stocks total \$4,463,251, and cheques on other banks \$26,337,108. The principal changes are in the holdings of Dominion and Provincial Government securities, a reduction in these indicating

a greater demand for funds by general business.

As a result of the greater volume of business, current loans have advanced to \$322,855,265, as compared with \$270,087,143, last year, an increase of more than \$52,000,000. Current loans in Canada have grown to \$252,338,858, up from \$225,219,598, a year ago, and loans to cities, towns and municipalities are now \$17,074,131, as against \$15,983,360. Indication of steady growth is shown in the total of deposits which now stand at the large sum of \$656,259,466, as compared with \$631,454,427, an increase during the year of \$24,805,000.

The profit and loss account shows that as the result of a greater volume of business, profits are well above those of the previous year. These have permitted of the payment of the regular dividends and bonus, and, after making special reservation for the bank premises, of a substantial amount being

added to the profit and loss balance. Profits for the year, after making deduction of charges of management and making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, were \$4,978,133, equal to 16.64% on capital and to 8.24% on the combined capital, reserves and undivided profits. This compares with \$4,604,962, in the previous year. The profits when added to the balance brought forward made a total amount available for distribution of \$5,574,921. This was appropriated as follows: dividends and bonus \$4,188,338, provision for taxes, Dominion Government, \$319,167, reserve for bank premise \$300,000, leaving a balance of \$767,416 to be carried forward.

In keeping with the sound policy of the Bank the premises account has been written down \$350,000 during the year.

The principal accounts, with comparisons with those of the previous year, show as follows:—

	1926	1925
Total Assets	\$781,525,145	\$755,147,876
Liquid Assets	424,919,084	450,459,068
Total Current Loans	322,855,265	270,087,143
Dominion Notes	50,884,509	49,962,661
Government Securities	79,157,614	96,542,710
Railway bonds and securities	4,463,251	3,666,616
Deposits not bearing interest	132,034,727	152,552,338
Deposits bearing interest	515,925,640	471,845,303
Bank Premises	11,800,000	12,150,000

PLANNING YOUR INCOME

IT is not so very long ago since, full of the romance of life, I left behind me my career of singleness and took my place with no small feeling of pride as a young housewife, writes Evelyn White.

How well I remember my first allowance being handed to me by my husband! What joy I felt and how generous I thought he was! Surely with such a sum, I thought, I should be able to work wonders! Naturally there were a few things I wished specially to buy for the home in addition to the general upkeep, and these I purchased immediately. Alas! in much less time than my money

was supposed to last, I had reluctantly to ask for more.

Yes, the allowance should have been sufficient; it was even generous as I have since discovered. What then was wrong? The fault lay in the fact that I had embarked upon haphazard thoughtless spending. I had neither planned my income nor restricted my spending, consequently I soon learned that the worry of making ends meet is a very real one and that the joy of housekeeping depends more upon the wise apportioning of the income than on the size of it; indeed, it is easy to see that the housewife with a small, well-planned income may be in a much

happier state than she with a larger income where spending is carelessly undertaken.

You will like to know how I removed difficulties and worries. I first of all set about apportioning my income under various headings. This was a simple matter, but it was not so easy to spend according to my apportionment. However, this mattered little for I was learning in the best school—the school of experience, and I really enjoyed keeping my budget, noticing at the end of a period where I had exceeded my forecast, where I could economize and where I could allow a little more latitude. Soon I had a simple system which helped tremendously in the smooth working of the home and in the right disposal of the home exchequer.



HERE ON 3000-FAMILY SCHEME

"We are working on the 3000-family scheme," said Lord Clarendon, Under Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs, who, with T. C. Macnaughton, C.M.G., C.B.E., vice-chairman of the overseas settlement committee, lately visited Canada to see for themselves how the scheme is working out.

The idea is to settle 3000 families on the soil and to give them a preparatory training in Canadian agricultural methods. They are given this training in England before they sail and that the idea has caught on is evidenced by the fact that last year 460 families came over as compared with 1200 this year. The balance will be in Canada by next year.

The Earl of Clarendon, who is the right-hand figure in the photograph, which was taken in the Montreal Windsor Street station, and Mr. Macnaughton, travelled across the Dominion, visiting Ottawa, Toronto, Fort William, Winnipeg, Calgary and the Pacific Coast.

In connection with his visit it is interesting to recall that prior to the war His Lordship operated a farm at Pickering, Ont.

MUSIC THAT MAKES THEM CRY

WHEN the director of a film is preparing to take a "star" through some scenes in which there are emotional moments, tears, and so on, his first move is to find out the particular melody to which the "star" reacts—what tune makes him, or her, cry.

The studio orchestra is then called, and when the direction of the scene begins, this band of musicians—probably hidden behind a convenient piece of scenery—plays the special tune that invariably makes the "star" weep.

One of the remarkable things about music and emotion is that a tune does not lose its

power of drawing tears after one or two repetitions. If a player cries once when a melody is played, the tears will, in practically every case, come again, even if the piece is repeated twenty times.

Studio orchestras are vastly important nowadays, and when the "big" players go on location, the orchestra goes, too, sometimes journeying hundreds of miles and adding to the film's expense sheet by thousands of dollars.

* * *

There is a little Polish melody, called "The Last Sigh," that never fails to reduce Pola Negri to bitter tears. She hears it

very often, for in the majority of the films she makes, she has to depict great sorrow.

An exception to the remark made above that a melody will always draw tears if it has once done so, is found in the case of Gloria Swanson. If she has wept once to a tune, she cannot weep again to the same music. So her orchestra-leader is kept busy finding fresh melodies to make this cinema queen feel unhappy.

The most successful method, he finds, is to change from one old-world melody to another. The haunting sadness of old Scottish and Irish songs seems to affect Miss Swanson more deeply than anything else.

Jackie Coogan needs music for his emotional scenes, but not necessarily sad music. He can play a tearful scene to a cheerful tune such as "Barney Google". He says that the sound of a violin makes him want to cry, and apart from "Barney Google", he likes a song written by his father: "You'll Never Know What a Good Fellow I've Been."

Simple songs have many followers. May Pusch is an up-to-the-minute girl, but she always cries when she hears "Home, Sweet Home."

Conrad Nagel and Norma Shearer produce wonderfully sad scenes to the strains of "Madrigal of May."

Lew Cody likes "Remembering"—though "villains" like Mr. Cody are not supposed to have hearts at all!—and Aileen Pringle's favorite tune is the popular "Memory Lane."

* * *

Living up to the notion that comedians are sad folk in reality, Syd Chaplin does his best work to the sound of "Little Grey Home in the West."

One famous "star", Betty Compson, can provide her own music, for she was a violinist before she became a film player. So when she wants to become thoroughly sad for a special scene, she takes her violin and plays a throbbing air until the right mood has stolen over her.

"Parted," that lovely song in which both words and music are full of sadness, and the song, "Grey Days," are the tunes Leatrice Joy asks for when she is acting an emotional scene.

When John Barrymore was filming "Beau Brummell", he asked the studio band to play "None but the Lonely Heart".

* * *

Cheery Reginald Denny, the Englishman who is hailed as one of the finest young screen players of to-day, has to be serious, even soulful at times, when he is facing the camera. On these occasions, he likes to hear music from "Rose Marie". Laura La Plante, who has been Mr. Denny's leading lady in several films, likes the good old southern melodies, such as "Swanee River" and "My Old Kentucky Home".

However, when the sad scenes have been "shot", all the players agree that there is nothing like ten minutes of popular dance music to refresh them and bring back their smiles once more.

"THE HEAD OF JOVE HIMSELF"

THE earth gives up its buried art at an astonishing rate. It is not enough that no longer ago than April, Pompeii should yield a statue of a youth attributed to Phidias but now in Cyrene, on the shores of Africa about opposite Crete, there come to light fragments of a colossal head which is believed to be no less than that of the Olympian Zeus, and also by the great Phidias. If this be so, the world possesses at last a replica of the lost masterpiece of Phidias in the temple of Zeus at Olympia. Described by the "Illustrated London News" the find came about in this way:

"The great excavations carried on by the Italian Department for Colonial Affairs at Cyrene have lately brought to light a wonderful Graeco-Roman reproduction of the head of the celebrated statue of the Olympian Zeus of Phidias. Of this miracle of ancient sculpture—the grandest production of the grandest Greek artist—nothing had been handed down to us but the descriptions of Pausanias and others, the unanimous admiration of the ancient world, and a representation on some Elean coins, chiefly on a silver one now in the British Museum. The Olympian statue was of colossal size, over 40 feet high, although seated, and was wrought entirely in gold and ivory on a throne of ebony enriched with enameled colors. The head was singularly powerful, and the face majestic, but calm and serene. These characteristics are to be seen almost identically in the Cyrenaean copy. This epoch-making discovery is due to the distinguished Roman archaeologist, Dr. Giacomo Guidi, the new Inspector of Antiquities in Cyrenaica, who, excavating the courtyard of the so-called Great Temple, facing the Acropolis, collected hundreds of small fragments, which might easily have escaped the attention of a common explorer. Piecing them together with marvellous patience, he produced an almost entire reconstruction of the magnificent head. Further excavations may bring to light not only the minute pieces still wanting, but also the remains of the body. An inscription unearthed by Dr. Guidi among the remains of the hitherto nameless temple confirms the attribution of the statue, stating that this was the great temple erected by the city to the Olympian Zeus."

A few additional facts are given in the New York "Herald Tribune," which signalizes the event in an editorial:

"The excavations at Cyrene which have been carried on for so long have just brought to light fragments of a statue which, if it can be authenticated, will be of the greatest interest to students of art and archeology. This is no less than a head of Zeus which it is believed is a replica of the famous statue by Phidias which was set up in the temple at Olympia. This statue was an enormous work, executed in gold and ivory over a core



Guides in the precipitous passes of the Rockies, Jasper National Park.

of wood, the ivory simulating flesh, the gold, draperies, but, like almost all the work of the great sculptor, it has completely disappeared, a fact which makes the recent discovery of even more importance. Phidias's two greatest works were his Zeus at Olympia and his Athene at Athens, nothing of which remains but their fame, some pictures of them on coins, a few indifferent copies and written descriptions. Pausanias described the ivory-and-gold Zeus, an enormous seated figure, in his Guide Book to Greece.

"Cyrene, with its wonderful climate, sheltered by mountains in the south from the scorching winds from the Sahara and having cool sea breezes blowing in from the north, was a city already famous and flourishing in the time of the Roman Empire. Its extensive ruins still attest its former magnificence. The remains of a great temple have been found, dedicated to the Olympian Zeus, and it was among these ruins that the pedestal and fragments of a gigantic head were unearthed. If this should prove to be a genuine copy of the Phidias Zeus we shall have for the first time an idea of what the original really looked like."

Restoration as well as discovery is much in the air to-day. Alexander Philadelphus, a noted Greek archaeologist, is making vigorous efforts to have some of the Elgin marbles brought back to Athens from the British Museum where they were deposited by Lord

Elgin at the beginning of the last century. In press dispatches we read:

"Lord Byron once called down the curse of Minerva upon the head of Lord Elgin for taking the marbles. Mr. Philadelphus is eager that at least the missing caryatid and the corner column of Justice of Erechtheion shall be returned, both as an act of fairness and an architectural necessity. Even in Lord Elgin's time there was a legend, which was embodied in the historical play, 'Nereid of the Castle,' that the remaining caryatids, princesses turned to stone, wailed loudly at night for their lost sister, unhappy in the gloom of London and longing for the sunny Grecian sky."

Mnemonics

Two women were passing a butcher's shop where a pig's head was on display, with a lemon in its mouth.

"There, Liz," exclaimed one of the women, "that reminds me that I promised to get a new pipe for Joe."—"The Progressive Grocer."

"That woman over there used to sing in the lion's cage at the Tivoli."

"Has she retired now?"

"Yes. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals stepped in."—"Northern Daily Telegraph."



The founding of the St. Jean Baptiste Society in Montreal was recently commemorated in that city by the members of that society. A tablet, the gift of Victor Morin, former president-general of the society, was affixed to the walls of the Canadian Pacific Railway Windsor Street Station, Montreal. Large crowds of people gathered at the unveiling and entered with zest into the singing, which was led by a band. Several speeches were made by prominent citizens and aldermen of the city of Montreal including F. L. Wanklyn, former general executive assistant of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who was representing that company.

The strange coincidence of the story is that it is exactly 92 years ago that the founding of the society took place in gardens on the site of which the Windsor Station now stands.



FOR BRAVERY IN PEACE TIME

Medals Awarded to Civilians

MEDALLIC art, not inaptly defined as a link between sculpture and painting, has been a subject of more than ordinary attention lately, as a result of the awards to officers and men of the "President Roosevelt," whose epic rescues from the "Antioe" evoked world-wide comment. But although the striking of medals to commemorate great deeds or special events has long been an established custom, relatively little is known by most people of the various medals in use at the present time.

There is, for example, the silver medal of the London Fire Brigade, awarded exclusively for extreme bravery in saving life, or in attempting to save it, in cases of fire. Only a dozen or so men

possess the medal, which is known as the "Firemen's V.C." It is invested with so much mystery, indeed, that not even its holders know that it has been conferred on them until the actual moment of presentation.

The Carnegie Gold Medal for Courage, endowed through the medium of the Hero Fund Commission, is equally rarely won, only eighteen having been awarded since the fund was established twenty-two years ago. To qualify, a man must distinguish himself by an act of heroism "of the very highest order"; his claim to the distinction is judged by a special tribunal, and if the medal is granted he may also receive a handsome monetary gift, according to his circumstances.

It was not so very long ago that the King received at Buckingham Palace the seven living holders of the "Lifeboat V.C.," an honored decoration of which the very name is unfamiliar to the majority of people. This medal, a gold one,

is the highest award of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution; it is given for gallant rescues or attempted rescues from shipwreck. In the hundred years of the Institution's existence only one hundred and nine gold medals and bars have been awarded. And with the sea in mind, there is the Stanhope Gold Medal, many of the holders of which have been officers and men of the Royal Navy. The medal is the V.C. among distinctions of this particular class, and it is bestowed on the man who is judged to have performed the most valorous act of the year, the tribunal in this case being the Royal Humane Society.

The Edward Medal, founded eighteen years ago in the name of the late King Edward, was intended to signalize acts of courage in mines, but its bestowal was afterwards extended to include those who in the course of "industrial employment endanger their own lives in saving or endeavoring to save the lives of others from perils incurred in connection with such industrial employment."

There are two Albert Medals, though the fact is little known—one for saving life at sea, the other for saving life on land. Originally the award, in both instances, was confined to acts of heroism within the Empire; that restriction has now been removed.

\$28,000 FOR TREE

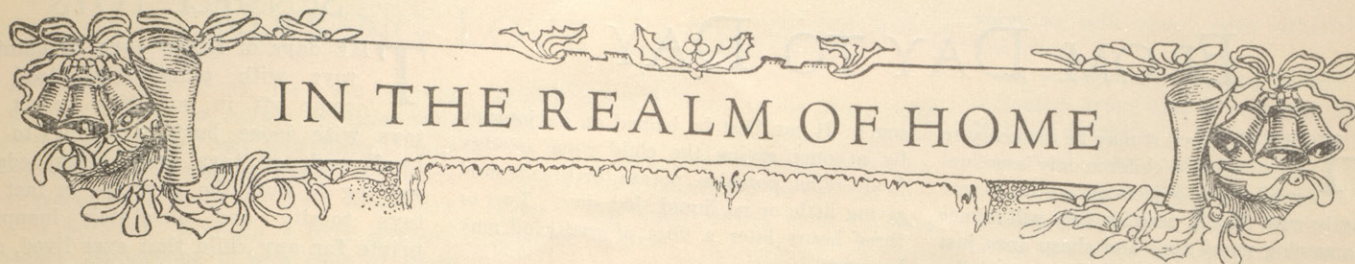
Sofia.—A Bosnian farmer here has become rich beyond his dreams. He has sold a huge ash tree off his farm to an Austrian manufacturer for \$28,000. The value of the tree consisted in its marble-like veins and cross-color patches.

Forty percent of fruit shipped on railroads of the U. S. is hauled an average of more than 2,000 miles, according to C. E. Virden, chairman of the Pacific Coast Transportation Advisory Board.

Largest railroad locomotive in Australia is to be built in Newport, Victoria. It will be a three-cylinder Pacific type with reported tractive power of 40,000 pounds.

A novelist says that he can see neither sense nor fun in hunting. One man's meet is generally another man's poison.

One strives for health and cures his body's ills; another mopes and gathers doctor's bills.



THE GLOW OF CHRISTMAS

Season of Peace and Goodwill affords opportunity
for thinking those kindly thoughts and doing
those lovely deeds which at other periods
of the year are often stifled by ma-
terial considerations

THERE are some people who think (or say they think) that Christmas is rather a nuisance, that it is a waste of time and money, and that we should all be better off if it never came.

But if it never came at all the world would be a much worse place to live in.

Peace and good-will towards men are in the very air just now, and everyone, whether willing or not, is caught up into it. The music of the Christmas bells, the present-giving, the hearty greetings, and the jolly family reunions awake echoes in every heart. Then, too, the fact that the greatest holiday of all the year is the Birthday of a Child makes us realize that simplicity and innocence are of greater worth than any material prizes we may have gained.

How many friendships, almost forgotten as the years fly by, wake to new life with the letter or card that comes on Christmas morning? But for that yearly re-kindling of the spark we should lose touch altogether with many of those we once loved. Isn't Christmas worth while, if only for that?

Every Christmas Day, too, takes us back through our lives to other times and other places—back to the first Christmas Day we remember. Can you help smiling as you remember the glee with which you went to bed on Christmas Eve, knowing that Santa Claus would come in the night and leave behind him a load of presents? Doesn't the thought of the merriment and fun you had then make you feel ten years younger? Is there anything else but Christmas that can make you feel like that?

If we think of a Child on Christmas Day we must also think of a Mother. And that makes you think of your own mother. Perhaps you have not been so kind to her as you might have been. Perhaps you live far away from her and haven't written as regularly as you

ought. You can make all that right at Christmas. It affords an opportunity you never get at any other time.

That is why the heart inevitably glows as Christmas approaches. Every kindly impulse which stirs in the mind and every beautiful thought which illumines



YULE MIDNIGHT

THE frostbound day has died, and lo!
In swarms the legions shine—
The constellations wheeling slow,
Changeless, divine.

A man may watch, this holy night,
Those twinkling suns afar,
Until the stars to his blurred sight
Seem one huge star.

And think, maybe, ere darkness dies
How three Kings journeying lone,
Seeing a host of stars, had eyes
For one alone.

—ERIC CHILMAN.



the soul is allowed to blossom into a lovely deed which brightens some discouraged one and sends out the beams of Christmas farther and farther along the road.



BRUSH UP YOUR MIND

IF you want to look fascinating brush up your mind. No one can grow flowers without putting in seeds; and yet in the matter of good looks that is just what most of us try to do.

So many folks, quite without realizing it, think the very same thoughts over and over, day by day, and then wonder that they look stodgy and dull.

Don't do it; treadmill thoughts are invariably drab, and often peevish, and consequently can make havoc of even perfect features.

Often girls buy lipsticks and powder-puffs when they'd get more lasting results if they bought books—books of a really worth-while sort. The simple truth is that brainless beauty is no longer admired in these post-war days, and a girl has to have more than mere wax-doll prettiness if she is to be admired. And as the face mirrors the mind, one has to have a vivid and intelligent mind if one is to get a good reflection.

They lift faces by surgery nowadays, but the woman who keeps her mind active and a storehouse of interesting facts will never need that operation.

If I recommended algebra to shape the eyebrows, and geometry to improve the complexion, you'd laugh; and yet perhaps I shouldn't be so far wrong. If there's nothing else to be said for education, it does improve the looks; the "public school" stamp on the features is an attractive thing. And perhaps, even if we can't all go in for higher education as a variety of "Beauty Parlor," we can provide at small expense good mental food for our sluggish minds and see that we don't become apathetic and half-asleep.

TO CLEAN LACE

Very fine old lace can be beautifully cleaned by being sewn in a clean piece of linen, and laid all night in salad oil. Next day boil in a large boiler of soapy water for a quarter of an hour, and rinse in several waters. Dip into warm water in which a few lumps of sugar have been dissolved, and pin on a strained cloth to dry.

FROM DAY TO DAY

HOWEVER well it may be in theory to try to give the children only large, unswallowable objects as playthings, you may be sure that in practice they will rejoice in amassing many tiny and sharp ones, just calculated to do mischief. Babies, especially, have wonderfully sharp eyes for what is tiny, and will discover and collect small objects on the floor that a grown-up would not notice.

What is to be done if a child swallows something which he cannot possibly digest? Of course, if it is poisonous he must be induced to return it as speedily as possible by an emetic. A handful of salt in lukewarm water, followed by plenty of water-drinking, is often effective, but it is not always easy to get a tiny child to drink freely.

A dose of ipecacuanha wine will serve, if it is in the house, or sometimes it is possible to induce vomiting by tickling the back of the throat with a feather. How to neutralize what may be left in the stomach, even after vomiting, will depend on the poison taken, but the mother will have done her part if she makes the child thoroughly sick, keeps him as warm as possible and awake while she calls for the doctor.

More frequently, however, a child swallows something like a button, coin, or pin. If such an object has stuck in the throat the child will choke. The mother must firmly put finger and thumb down as far as possible, to see whether she can hook it up. If this is impossible, she can change her tactics and seek to push it down the gullet, with a pen-holder or anything else handy, taking care not to hurt the mucus lining of the throat. If this is not enough, hold the child upside down and give him a good shake, or a smart slap on the back may dislodge the object.

In many cases, even quite a large object like a coin will slip down a small person's throat with amazing ease; then the question is what will happen as it seeks to traverse the complicated and twisting digestive sys-

tem? It can best be helped on its journey by at once giving the child some stodgy food—buns, porridge, potato, or bread—and giving little or no liquid that day. Two or three hours later a dose of castor oil may be given.

Pointing a Moral

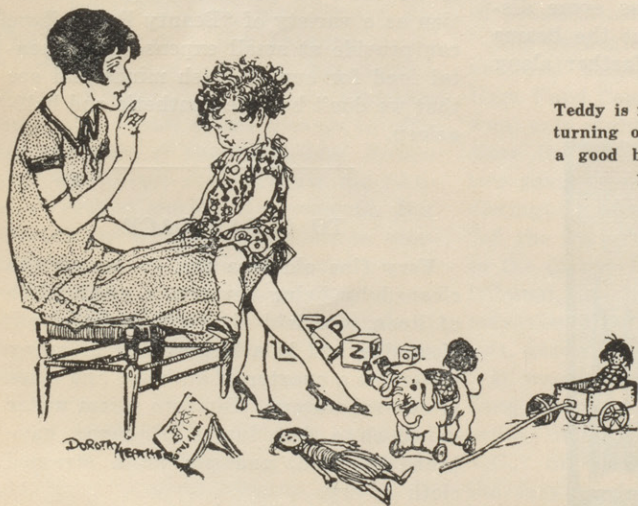
Some people are very much against any aperient being given until the coin appears, but, as a piece of personal history, it may interest mothers to know that my baby swallowed a nickle, when he was about twenty months old. That coin stayed there for five weeks and two days while John was under professional observation; ex-rayed every two or three days, and fed on a special stodgy diet. Then, in despair, I gave him some baked apples followed by a dose of olive oil, and the coin appeared without a murmur.

In most cases mothers need not be apprehensive when some rounded object is swallowed, especially when suitable food is immediately given to wrap round the object and carry it on through the body. But, of course, when anything sharp is swallowed, that is quite another matter, and it may be necessary to operate.

The moral is: Be "extra" careful about leaving pins and needles about, and only use strong, really "safe" safety-pins for doing up baby's napkins.

TEACH THEM TO USE THEIR TEETH

If a mite of eighteen months or thereabouts seems to have an incurable fancy for bolting his food, you can only teach him better by personal example. Tell him to watch how mother eats, and champ your jaws vigorously as you masticate a small spoonful from your own plate. "Now, baby, do that," you say, and the whole business soon becomes a delightful game.



Teddy is reminded of the wisdom of turning over a new leaf and being a good boy as Christmas Eve rapidly approaches.



SENSIBLE TOYS

THE days of flimsy toys, of painted toys with paint guaranteed to come off in hot little hands, of toys with loose buttons asking to be swallowed, of toys with sharp edges waiting to hurt the unwary—in fact of toys totally and absolutely inappropriate for any child that ever lived, are at last passing. On all sides "sensible" toys abound.

The division between educational kindergarten apparatus and the toy simple is fast breaking down, helped by the cheery boxes and other wrappings in which they are contained. Santa Claus stockings this year may well contain toys calculated to teach while they amuse; to employ childish grey matter without over-taxing it; and to keep out of mischief in the most legitimate of fashions.

The donor of the "sensible" gift may not receive quite such enthusiastic gratitude as he who provides the glamorous clockwork spider or other ephemeral attraction, but he will have his reward in the end, for once its glamor is past it is to the making and doing toys to which the children will turn with full satisfaction for hours on end.

Think Before You Leap!

Those who can afford expensive toys should think many times before they leap. To give a child, whose home has a narrow hall already choked up with a pram, a large toy motor is not a kindness; the same money might provide an occupation which would be almost equal to the services of a nurse-maid for a year!

Simple gymnastic apparatus, on which a child can swing, hang, balance himself, and jump, is a suggestion worth considering, as is the sort of building blocks to be found on the market, which your local carpenter can devise.

Most sensible mothers keep down the number of toys which their children are allowed to possess, realizing that their inventive gifts may be choked with too much ready-made amusement at hand.

But it is ideal if the child can have what I call the bed-rock toys. For example, every child should have at least one toy just to love—a cuddly bear or a baby doll. One toy with which to build—bricks, for instance. Something with which to play trains, though nothing too elaborate and perfect is needed. Something to have out of doors with him—a wheel to push when tiny, a doll's pram, kiddie-car, or baby bike later. And at least one absorbing Sunday game, which is sighed for all the week! Last, but not least, come books.

MAKING LOVE LAST

EVERY day of my life I am hearing of some love affair or other that has, as they say nowadays, "come unstuck," says Leonora Erles. All sorts of reasons are given for this; sometimes it is boredom, through a long engagement. Sometimes it is a case of mere physical attraction, and when this has passed there is nothing left, so that lovers drift apart. In both these cases it is a mercy they have drifted apart. If they had married, what misery there would have been for them!

Partners

Marriage does all it can to bore both man and woman. They have a little home to keep up, and it costs so much energy to do so nowadays that they have to depend on themselves for amusement.

We are losing the habit of amusing ourselves. Children and grown-ups alike nowadays cannot make themselves content for any length of time without something to amuse themselves. They must go to the pictures, or off on an outing, or have a book to read. They cannot even be interested in talk as they used to be. So that, if you are not thoroughly interested in the same things as you marriage partner, you stand a very poor chance of happiness. And the engagement that falls through from boredom is a lucky thing for the engaged people, because it is a less irrevocable thing than marriage.

Lovers

An engagement based merely on physical attraction is a pretty poor thing, too. Many a young couple get engaged at a dance or on a holiday when the physical sort of attraction is at its greatest. And they know nothing of each other's minds and souls. Supposing for instance, that the boy was studious and fond of books, the girl quite uninterested in reading. What a terrible prospect of boredom is opened up! Evenings when the husband is aching to get at his books, but must chatter to please his wife; evenings when she is longing to chatter, but must be quiet because he wants to read.

People must know each other thoroughly before they become engaged. Love at first sight is usually a thrilling, but not at all happy, business. And it fades as time goes on.

But amongst lovers who really are suitable for each other, perhaps the greatest mistake is making a business of love. They write to me every week, these young people—"I can only see my boy three evenings a week because he goes out with boy friends. Isn't it too bad of him?" Or "My girl will insist on our spending Sundays with her

family when I want to be alone with her."

Well, it is a great mistake to see too much of each other and to possess each other. The most loving bond becomes irksome in time.

Boredom

As long as you don't feel the pull of the bond it is all very well, but the moment either of two lovers begins to interfere with the other's liberty, the bond hurts.

QUAINT THINGS

I LOVE quaint things—

A wicker gate—with roses climbing high,
Tall hollyhocks abloom—a fair blue sky
High over head—where bluebirds swiftly fly!

I love quaint things—

Quaint sunlit windows looking on a hill,
White ruffled curtains blowing at their will,
Sweet blossoms blooming on the window still.

I love quaint things—

Soft candles casting mellow, golden light
On dear quaint yellow teacups—silver bright!
Waiting for dear ones to come home at night!

All these I love—

Dear quaint and lovely things—that make days fly as if on golden wings.
All these I love—but better than the rest—
Are souls of dear ones . . . that we love for them.
We know how rich life really is—and blest!

—Paula Martin Anderson.

Don't make a job of being engaged or in love. The young people who try to alter their whole days and ways of thinking because they get engaged are going to have a disaster sooner or later. Young lovers, as soon as they meet, think it necessary to talk about love, to make love. These are the foolish ones. The wise ones kiss and feel adorably happy in being together, then they

start to talk about each other's work and play.

An engaged girl or boy should be no different from the unengaged variety. If they do make a difference, they will both feel disappointed with what love and the engagement have brought them.

Keep cool about love. Don't treat it like a new toy and play with it too much. Love isn't a toy; it is something that has to last you all your life, so be careful with it; treat it as the fragile and beautiful thing it is.

THE BUSINESS-GIRL MUST BE FIT

THE problem of keeping fit is quite as important for the business girl as for her employer. While he is not likely to grapple successfully with business problems if brain and nerves are affected by wrong living, she in her lowlier sphere cannot carry out her duties satisfactorily if she is not "fit" in every way. The girl who spends the greater part of her waking hours in an office or shop is at a great disadvantage compared with the leisured girl; but by taking thought it is possible to keep body and brain so tuned up that work becomes easy instead of a weariness to the flesh, and the individual is able to enjoy recreation after the fatigues of the day.

It is impossible to lay down a hard-and-fast rule for everybody as regards diet, for constitutions differ. One may, however, advise the business girl who wishes to keep fit to cut out that "pastry-and-glass-of-milk" lunch which makes so many of our young girls look so sallow and ill-nourished. Substitute good, sustaining food, and this need not be expensive. Fresh fruits and vegetables are not enormously dear, and there is more health in them than in tons of "fancy pastries." As regards meat, let it be taken only once a day, and let that once be at the evening meal. Excess of flesh-food creates poisonous acids in the blood, which cause great suffering in various ways. Always see that the bowels are active, for sluggishness in this department means that nobody can feel fit and ready to face whatever the day may bring forth.

Before dismissing the subject of diet one may remark that no girl can keep fit unless she bars the habit of "nibbling" between meals. We all know the type of girl who keeps sweets, or biscuits, or apples in her desk, and is perpetually taking surreptitious bites. The habit of eating between meals is responsible for more ill-health than enough. It spoils the digestion, and a spoilt digestion means a spoilt life.

BOYS AND



MERRY CHRISTMAS

MY dear nieces and nephews:
Aren't your hearts all going pit-a-pat these days? Just a few more weeks till Christmas eve, when the spirit of Yuletide is so near you feel almost as if you could touch it, merely by stretching out your hand. Mother will be making her choicest cookies and putting the finishing touches on the turkey; Big Brother will be hauling home the Christmas tree, Big Sister will be hanging garlands of holly and huge red bells at the windows, and Dad will be coming in with big, queer looking bundles, while throughout the house will be the most tantalizing fragrance of mince pies, plum puddings and all the other wonderful things in preparation for the great dinner on Christmas day.

I hope you have all been good girls and boys during the past year. The other day I unexpectedly met Santa Claus in Montreal and he told me that he loves best the nice little folk who are kind to Mother and Dad and Brother and Sister and who, like the Scouts, try to do a good turn every day. Then he gave a list of the wonderful things he had in his sack for the boys and girls in the big cities and the small towns, and the lonely country places where little people will be hanging up their stockings on Christmas eve.

But while we are anticipating such wonderful things for ourselves let us not forget the poor little boys and girls who haven't sufficient clothes to keep their bodies warm or sufficient food to nourish them. Let us think not so much of what we may find in our stockings as of what some little girl or boy will find in his or hers because we thought of them. Then, brighter than the brightest light on the Christmas tree will be the thought that someone is happy because we remembered him at this beautiful season of "peace and goodwill to men."

A merry Christmas to you all!

Your loving,

Quint Flo

CHRISTMAS CONUNDRUMS

WHAT letter is it that turkeys most dislike?—The letter A, because it makes roost into roast.

* * * *

Why is a broken motor tire like a Christmas cracker?—Because it goes off with a bang.

* * * *

What is it that small boys never have at Christmas?—Enough.

* * * *

Why is poor old pa like an orange at Christmas?—Because he is always skinned.

How is a snowstorm like a child with a cold in its head?—It blows, it snows (its nose).

* * * *

What bird is well represented at most Christmas dinners?—The swallow.

* * * *

I am the fruit of an evergreen tree: change my head and I am part of the body, again and I am a sound, again not in company, again and I am used to make things sharp, again and I am finished.

Answer: Cone, bone, tone, lone, hone, done.



Santa says, "Here's wishing the jolliest Christmas to every little girl and boy!"

.. IN LIGHTER VEIN ..

SORROWFUL EXPERIENCE

A country Vicar had a crusty parishioner who delighted in opposing him in every way. The Vicar, having been offered another living, accepted it, and, when taking his leave of the parish, called upon the parishioner. He was touched by the man's evident regret. "Why, I thought you would be glad to get rid of me!" exclaimed the Vicar. The man shook his head solemnly. "Well," he said, "you see, sir, I've lived here for nigh forty years, and I generally find when a parson leaves that there's never a bad 'un goes but a wuss 'un comes!"

CONTORTION

Hyde Park orator: "My friends, if we were each of us to turn and look ourselves squarely in the face, what should we each find we needed most?" Voice from the crowd: "In india-rubber neck, mister!"

SARCASTIC POLITENESS

The conductor was becoming annoyed. People kept asking him ridiculous questions. Finally a very sour-faced woman said, "Conductor, can you give me two sixpences for a shilling?" "Of course," said the conductor, "any particular dates you'd like?"

A SAFE STATEMENT

Tollerton met a man, and while not remembering who he was, but feeling certain that he was acquainted with him, held out his hand and said, "I am sure I have met you somewhere!" "No doubt," was the reply. "I have been there often!"

NOBLE AMBITION

"Mamma," said little Anthony, "won't you please give me a penny?" "What do you want it for?" inquired his mother, who did not approve of his spending money on cheap sweets. "Well, you see, I've got two pence already, and Tommy Jenkinson says if I give him threepence he'll teach me how to waggle my ears!"

NO CHOICE

A well-known County Court judge once rebuked a man in court for endeavoring to confirm an absurd story told by his wife. "You really should be more careful," the judge said. "I tell you candidly I don't believe a word of your wife's story!" "That's all very well! You may do as you like," answered the man in a mournful tone, "but I've got to!"

INSTRUCTED

Thompson: "Do you know how to run a motor car?" Jackson: "Why, I thought I did until I had a short conversation with a policeman."

"Has that young man who is calling on you given you any encouragement, Eliza?" asked the father. "Oh, yes! Last night he asked me if you and mother were pleasant to live with."

COMPLETING THE JOB

Farmer: "Somebody stole three sets of harness out of my stable." Policeman: "Did the thief leave any traces?" Farmer: "No; he took traces and all!"

ALREADY SUPPLIED

A canvasser stepped briskly up to a young merchant's table and laid a small article close to his right hand. "I have here a new letter-opener," he said, "a handsome article to be kept on the table of your library, and—" "Pardon me," interrupted the merchant, without turning his head, "but I have already the best letter-opener and the quickest." "How long have you had it?" asked the canvasser. "You know there are improvements always being introduced." "Mine couldn't be improved," responded the merchant. "I've had her for about two years now—anniversary of the wedding next month!"

LEARNED BY EXPERIENCE

Two travellers, a Scot and a Jew, were exchanging in friendly rivalry stories illustrative of that genius for economy which is commonly attributed to both races. "After all," said the Scot, "a Yorkshireman can give us points and beat us." "That's right," said the other. "Why, there is an old Yorkshireman I know, whose wife persuaded him to let her give a party. He let her have her way, but the expense worried him till he got melancholy. The day before the party she said, 'John, we shall be short of chairs; we shall have to buy or hire some.' 'Not wi' my brass we wean't,' he said. 'Ah'll nail up some o' yon old reins and traces that's lying i' t' stables.' 'Whatever in the name o' goodness for?' said his wife. 'Then thooase there's not a seat for mun hang on to t' straps, same as they do i' tram-cars!'"

THE RULING INSTINCT

"It is amazing the interest a crowd will take in trifles!" exclaimed Worthley. "Isn't it!" said Hewson. "I quite agree with you!" "Why," proceeded Worthley, "as I was coming along just now I saw a fight between a bulldog and a mastiff; and, upon my word, during the fifteen minutes I was watching, more than fifty men were standing round! How can people take an interest in such things?" "I can't imagine," said Hewson. "And which dog won?"

Hicks: "Stout people, they say, are rarely guilty of meanness or crime." Robinson: "Well, you see, it's so difficult for them to stoop to anything low."



Wife (to interperate husband): "Doctor says, if you don't go steadier, you'll turn into a cat or somethin'!"
Husband: "Go on. 'E were pullin' your leg—but—(weakening)—p'r'aps you'd better lock up the cat in case

—announcement

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MARCH, 1927

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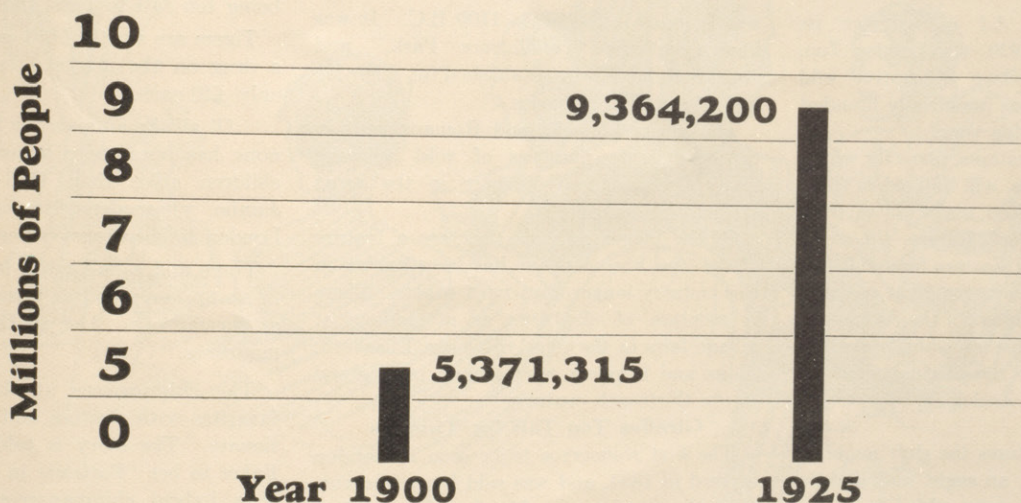
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—Babson Statistical Bureau.

25 YEARS GROWTH IN POPULATION



What will the next 25 Years show?

CANADA LEADS!

as will

CANADIAN TRAVEL

Watch for the Growth of this Magazine



C.G.M.M. Canadian Sapper loading cattle at Charlottetown, P.E.I.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AT THE ZOO

ALTHOUGH it did not receive its charter until 1829, the London Zoo, the finest collection of captive wild animals in existence, was unofficially founded a hundred years ago this year.

The centenary celebrations, plans for which are already being made, will be held in three years' time, but the Zoo really dates from 1826, when Sir Stamford Raffles, the great British administrator of Eastern fame, formed the nucleus of what is now the great national collection. Fifteen members of the Zoological Club, which used to discuss animals over its monthly dinners, were the original members of what is now the Zoological Society of London.

The first living creatures the club acquired were a Griffin vulture, an eagle, and a deer; afterwards some bears were added from the Tower of London, where for centuries there had been a small menagerie.

Today, as revealed by a recent stocktaking, the collection in Regent's Park consists of three thousand five hundred animals, valued at (£25,000. \$125,000) This figure, however, does not represent anything like the full value of the exhibits, many of which are irreplaceable; it is merely an estimate of the sum the Zoological Society would expect to receive if forced to dispose of the animals. Probably £100,000 would be nearer the actual value of the collection, although, if the Zoo were offered to world-wide auction, America would probably bid anything up to a quarter of a million pounds for it.

But although the Zoo is a century old, it is by no means the oldest institution of its kind in the world. The first zoological garden of which there is conclusive historical proof

was founded in China, in 1100 B.C. It was known as the "Intelligence Park," and appears to have been established for scientific and educational purposes.

The ancient Greeks and Romans kept in captivity large numbers of wild animals, many destined for slaughter in the great gladiatorial contests.

Of the bigger animals that are a feature of the Zoo, the elephant has been known in this country longer than most others. There is mention of elephants as attractions at village fairs in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Lions and leopards were known in England in the thirteenth century.

Giraffes Too Tall for Tunnels

The first rhinoceros to be seen in London arrived in 1864, and was sold by public auction, the purchaser, a Mr. Langley, bidding the then enormous sum of £2,300 for the animal, which created a sensation. The purchaser exhibited his acquisition at a shilling a head, and made £20 a day by doing so. The Zoo's first African rhinoceros was bought in 1864; it lived well on into the present century.

Giraffes were unknown here until 1827, in which year Mehemet Ali sent a specimen to King George IV. It was kept in a paddock at Windsor, but its keepers were at a loss how to feed it, and the animal soon languished and died.

Today the Zoo's most valuable animal from the showmanship standpoint is Indirani, the large Indian elephant, which earns over £300 a year in riding fees. She is priced at £1,000. The largest hippopotamus is put down at £800. The giraffes, although among the most popular animals in the Gardens,

are valued at a comparatively small sum. They cannot be transported, their necks being too tall to pass under tunnels!

Tigers are worth £150 each, but lions are a drug on the market; they are valued at only £40 each.

Of all the animals the Zoo has possessed none has been more beloved of adults and children alike than the famous elephant Jumbo, whose departure in 1882 caused all London to shed tears of regret.

Three and a half years later Jumbo came to an untimely end as a result of a collision on the railway. And all England went into mourning.

The chimpanzees at the Zoo are great favorites with visitors and grow very affectionate. The story is told by Miss Sylvia Baker in her "Portraits in the London Zoo" of a hybrid chimpanzee-gorilla which was dying of consumption. When one of the officials came to visit her she "gazed up at him with serenity, stretched out her hand, kissed him three times, and died."

"Pongo," the orang-outang, belongs to a warlike tribe, possessed of enormous strength, which is generally victorious even over those formidable creatures of the jungle, the crocodile and the python. He fights the crocodile by leaping on its back, pulling open the great jaws, and ripping up the brute's throat. The python he deals with by seizing it with his hands and wrestling with it until the neck comes within reach of his jaws, when he bites it to death.

Artist: "I paint a picture in two days and think nothing of it." Critic: "I am of your opinion."



"Would you," she said "be unselfish JUST FOR ONCE?
Would you take me home?"

"ETERNAL HUNTRESS INS. 2"

THE ETERNAL HUNTRESS

By RAYNOR SEELIG

CHAPTER I.

THE CONQUEST BEGINS

It was one o'clock on a Saturday in December, 1921. In the Ritz grill Theodore assigned tables with affable diplomacy.

At a table near the door three girls studied the *carte du jour*.

"I think," said Susie Burnham, most conspicuous of the group, "I really think that I shall have sweetbreads in cream."

Cecil Rayburn, the young woman with straight tan hair coiled above a neck from which the summer sunburn would never quite depart followed with a definite "Turkey hash for me."

Isabel, Cecil Rayburn's nineteen-year-old sister instructed the waiter to bring hash for two and sweetbreads for one.

Meanwhile Cecil extracted a cigarette from a paper package and began to smoke in a business-like manner.

Just at this moment Isabel gave a little gasp. "Dick!" she cried. "I didn't know he was back from Hot Springs."

"What? Who? Du Maurier?" exclaimed Susie. "Where is he?"

"Easy to pick him out by the halo," was Cecil's caustic contribution.

Isabel directed Susie's wandering gaze to a splendidly built man of about twenty-seven, with fair skin, thick brown hair, and features cast in a classical mould. He wore a gardenia in the buttonhole of his blue suit.

"That's Du Maurier," boasted Isabel, as he approached their table.

"Hello, I've been looking for you." He took Isabel's outstretched hand in his left, while he offered Cecil a more ceremonious clasp. How's the market?"

Cecil—super-secretary to the senior partner of Harcourt, Hutchinson & Vincennes, a member of the New York Stock Exchange—replied briefly to the point.

"Dick, this is Miss Burnham," said Isabel, "Susie—Du Maurier."

Du Maurier bowed and looked directly into Susie's round brown eyes.

"I got in this morning," he remarked, seating himself next to Isabel. "I thought I'd find you here."

It developed that he had asked Isabel to dine with him that evening, and the suggestion that they invite Cecil, Stock Potter and Miss Burnham to a theatre party afterwards brought forth a swift appeal from Susie.

"Oh, what am I to do?" she wailed. "I have an engagement with Bertie."

"Bring him along," Cecil commanded, amused at the prospect of seeing Bertram Wowse in juxtaposition with the immaculate Du Maurier.

Cecil, who had promised Mr. Harcourt to come back and type some important letters, finally arose, promising to call for the theatre tickets on her way down town.

Du Maurier went next, anxious to round up Stock Potter who would probably support a pillar in the Biltmore lobby until three o'clock, when he retired to a neighboring bar for the balance of the afternoon.

The music had stopped; the tables emptied. Isabel longed for her own quiet bedroom, where she could ponder in solitude upon the blessings of love.

"Well, Susie, I'll see you later. My father's all alone; the maid has gone to meet her cousin from Calais."

"But you said your father had a bell to the janitress's room. . . ."

"Either Cecil or I try to be there when Anastasie's out. It worries us, knowing how helpless he is."

The apartment which the two sisters shared with their father. Captain Rayburn, was remote both in blocks and atmosphere from the populous garrulity of the Ritz. On the first story of an old-fashioned building in Washington Square West, it was built around a lofty studio-room. Aloof from the eager life outside, Adrian Rayburn read, slept, drank highballs, and made ironic comments upon the world.

In 1897 Adrian Rayburn, still under twenty-five, was a living paradox. Blue-eyed, sweet-voiced, with the hands of an aesthete and the complexion of a girl, he had behind him the record of three voyages: one of exploration, in Brazil, and two hunting-trips, from which he returned with a little tan and a lot of leopard skins.

Felix Carter, the brawny-armed explorer with whom he travelled in those days, gave Adrian Rayburn credit for more cold nerve than any living man, and used to refer to him jestingly as "the mailed fist in the velvet glove." His rare combination of sweetness and daring endeared the young Adrian to women. After his third trip he was presented to New York society by the charming Veronica French—who was widowed and white-haired though still under twenty—and he was promptly lionized. Toward the end of the season, just as he was making ready for a fourth journey, Mrs. French invited Adrian to meet her sister Helena, a quiet girl who had been brought up on a Connecticut farm, and seemed to have the perpetual freshness of young fruit about her.

Adrian and Helena were married in the spring; the explorer put aside his gun and took up gentlemanly farming. At the end of a glorious, secluded year on the bank of the wide river, Cecil was born. Then three years passed, and just as Adrian was beginning to feel the burden of the yoke of marriage, his second child arrived.

And when, in 1907, shortly before Colonel Roosevelt's celebrated trip, Felix Carter begged Adrian to come with him to Africa, Adrian consented. For a year there was no word from him.

The word, when at last it came, was devastating. Captain Rayburn had got

too close to a leopard, and when the rest of his party reached the scene they found nothing but scattered remnants of bloody clothing. Helena received the news with a deceptive appearance of calm. During the night that followed she had a severe heart attack, and for six months after she lay still, waxen white, without will to live. She died, patiently and unobtrusively as she had existed, in the bed where she had first consummated her marriage with Adrian Rayburn. She left her daughters comfortable incomes, and Veronica French was appointed executrix of the will.

Not long afterwards all that was left of Adrian unexpectedly reappeared. Mrs. French was the first person to see him, but though his mutilated form hinted the horror of those moments when the leopard clawed and dragged him, it won him little sympathy and no forgiveness. So Adrian never saw Mrs. French again.

From that time forward he severed relations with the community in which he lived. With complete isolation as his aim, he remained at his wife's place in Connecticut until his daughters expressed an urgent wish to move to the city. In granting their desire, he insisted upon the Washington Square district, which would keep him far from the scene of his former triumphs. Cecil, always independent and undemonstrative, had already taken a position in Cyril Harcourt's office. And when Isabel returned from the boarding-school where she had learned to pour tea, write an illegible hand, and model figures in plasteline, Adrian encouraged her to continue the last occupation.

Two of the French windows facing the court had been opened. Before leaving to meet her cousin from Calais, Anastasie had wheeled Captain Rayburn into the sunlight and wrapped him in a woolly plaid which muffled the rather wayward outline of his figure.

"I've been reading about dreams," Adrian told Isabel as she came into his room. I used to have a dream, long ago, about a white leopard. . . ."

"Pupaw, I think you believe in magic. If you'd lived in the Middle Ages you'd have been an alchemist."

"And burned at the stake, no doubt. But you don't believe in magic. Well, well, by God—" Adrian broke off the sentence. "There's magic in love," he said in a voice that made Isabel shiver a little.

He was silent for a moment. Then: "Has that chap—what's his name?—Du Maurier come back?"

Isabel nodded, wondering how he knew.

"By . . . let us say more magic." He gloated over her discomfiture before he queried. "You're bound to have the fellow, aren't you? Going to marry him?"

"He hasn't asked me yet, pupaw."

"If you want him," Adrian said, "you'll get him in time. All women do."

He laughed, a short sharp note like two pieces of metal struck together. "But you may have to use magic; you may even have to make a human sacrifice. In the tribe I spoke of, they made a point of offering the fathers. Excellent plan."

"Horrible," said Isabel.

"If you think that, you aren't in love. There is only one thing more brutal than love itself—and that is, a woman whose hunting instinct is aroused."

"You talk as though women did the hunting."

"They do. There's a lot of talk about poor girls, being misled, but it's you who do the seducing."

He waved his hand toward a tray on which stood whisky, soda and a blue china bowl filled with ice. "Fix me a highball like a dutiful daughter you choose to think you are. Then go and bathe yourself, comb and perfume yourself, so that the lamb may be led more easily to the slaughter. I suppose he is coming tonight?"

"We're going to dine together, then meet a crowd at the theatre."

"Idiot. Get him alone."

Isabel had poured out a generous four fingers of whisky, her father's usual stipend. "Is this right?" she asked a trifle brusquely.

"Good enough," and recentful as always of his helplessness, Adrian tasted the mixture. But as she left the room he called after her: "Put on the blue dress . . . the one with the fur. It shows your pretty—ah—shall I say neck?"

CHAPTER II.

CECIL'S WARNING

Cecil returned late in the afternoon, her cheeks glittering with color.

"You're just as mad in your way as Isabel in hers," Adrian informed his first-born. "Go in and help your sister dress. We'll make her as attractive as possible and hasten her doom."

"I wish you wouldn't encourage it, Adrian," said Cecil, lowering her voice. "Why did you have to fancy him of all people? His influence over Isabel is extraordinary; he's changed her altogether."

"He hasn't. It's love." Adrian chuckled. "You mind your own business Cecil, let Isabel have her fun. It's the same with all sport: the harder the chase, the greater the satisfaction when you bring down your quarry. That young man will put up a fight for his freedom—and it will amuse me to watch it."

"You're a beast, Adrian, but I'll wager it doesn't end the way you think," and Cecil, not suspecting for a moment what the end would be, left Adrian still laughing.

She found Isabel naked, with red velvet mules upon her feet, looking in the mirror. Isabel's main assets, her father had often told her, were those her clothes concealed. Her body, moulded with admirable purity of line, had still the chastity of adolescence.

"Adrian seems delighted by Du Maurier's return," said Cecil. "He's in a capital humour."

Tonight Isabel was impatient. In response to the cautious feeler extended by Cecil, she demanded.

"Just what is it you dislike about Dick, Sis? Let's get down to brass tacks."

"The tout ensemble," answered Cecil, stripping off her stockings and placing them carefully upon her folded petticoat. "I have the feeling that he's putting something over on us. Drawing us out for some secret purpose which is neither kind nor charitable."

"Nothing more definite than that?"

"Yes. I don't like mysteries. And after all what do we—what does anyone—know about Du Maurier? Simply that he popped up in New York after the Armistice, that somehow he gets enough money to live on, and that he knows the people one should know."

"The last should be enough."

"That's the trouble with society nowadays," she complained. "It takes up anyone. Take Susie Burnham. We don't know anything about her except that she lives on Park Avenue and that her mother speaks English something in the manner of *Les Precieuses Ridicules*."

Isabel observed: "We met her at the Dalgrens," as though they were the answer.

But Cecil was not easily side-tracked. "By the way," she said, "Susie seemed to appreciate your sweetheart. You'd better watch out or she'll vamp him away."

"And you'd like that, I suppose?"

"No, my dear, I wouldn't like anything that made you unhappy."

The two girls looked at one another, and suddenly their hands clasped and clung. Cecil blushed, embarrassed by this extraordinary show of emotion.

"If it's so that God looks out for true lovers," Isabel murmured, "He won't give me that to deal with. I've my hands full managing Dick, let alone a rival."

* * *

In her square bedroom of white and gold, Susie Burnham rested after a day of enervating boredom.

Susie was stretched out on a chaise longue of yellow satin. Her loosened hair, spread like a robe upon the pillows, revealed unexpectedly the measure of her allurements.

"Susie, Susie." There was a twittering of beaded garments, and a woman came in.

"Yes, Mother," said Susie, without relinquishing the ruddy tresses from her loving fingers.

The woman walked to the table, picked up the empty glass, and sniffed at it.

"I thought so," said Mrs. Burnham, in a harsh sibilant voice. "You've been drinking. How common!"

"I only had one drink, Mother," replied Susie, in a weary but not apologetic tone. "Bertie and I each had one."

"Well, don't let me catch you at it again. . . ."

Susie, having listened in silence to the opening line of an all-too-familiar monologue, interrupted petulantly: "Oh, Mother, I wish you'd leave me alone. Nobody can stand being nagged at from morning till night. If it weren't for my will-power, I'd drink all the time. Then maybe it wouldn't be so bad."

"So you'd drink all the time?" Mrs. Burnham hardened her face into martyresque sternness. "When your father finds out, he'll take you back to Phila-

delphia, where you belong. Then you'll be sorry, all right."

Susie's eyes narrowed. "If I go, you'll go too. We both know that much," she said casually. "So I guess you'll hold off."

"Will I?" screamed Mrs. Burnham, lashing herself into a tempest of fury. "You'll see whether I will, Miss. You'll see!"

"If you insist," said Susie, watching her mother's face, "you can do it tonight. Father'll be here any minute."

"What?" For a moment Mrs. Burnham's voice flattened, then righted itself.

"Why did you tell him to come at this hour?"

"Because I'm going out to theatre, and I want to see him," replied Susie simply.

"Want to see him," sneered Mrs. Burnham. "Want to see a flexible bracelet, more likely, because you know if you get one I won't."

"Mother!"

"A lot you care about your father. If it weren't for his money—"

Susie had gotten to her feet with amazing rapidity. "Don't you dare say that to me. You get out of my room—you—you—you—"

At this opportune moment the expensive door-bell sounded its well-bred buzzer. Immediately afterwards the paterfamilias entered upon a scene of domestic bliss.

CHAPTER III.

DOMESTIC TRANQUILITY

Isaac Burnham—*ne* Bernheimer—senior member of Burnham & Levy, stocks and bonds, looked precisely what he was, an inveterate gambler, who, in his own paronomasiac phrase, had "needed the dough and got it." His features were of an unmistakably Hebraic cast, his eyes both shrewd and kindly.

"Whassal this? Whassal this?" he blustered, as he strode into the room. "Whassal the shootin' for, heh? How's my baby?" Whereupon he clasped Susie, who had flung herself precipitately forward, in a bearlike embrace.

"I'm so glad to see you, daddy. . . . Oh . . . I've missed you so . . ." Sobbing convulsively, Susie clung to him, bewildered at the unexpected magnitude of her own misery.

"Well, come and pay your old pop a little visit—he'll make it worth your while, won't he, heh?" And with one arm still about his weeping daughter, Isaac Burnham turned to his wife.

"Hello, Ollie," he said. "How's the world treatin' you this week? Pretty good, heh?"

"I should not say that it had been showering me with fortune," replied Mrs. Burnham with a sour smile.

"Now tell papa whassamatter. What does papa's baby want, heh?"

"I don't want any . . . thing . . ." wailed Susie, stifling her sobs upon her father's shoulder.

"There, Suey, there. Papa'll make you happy." And he pulled her upright. "Got the bluey blues, heh? Well, tomorrow you run into Tiffany and get yourself anything you want. I really come here to tell you two grafters to cut down on expenses, but if my kiddy's got the blues—"

"Possibly," said the incisive voice of Olive Burnham, "if Susannah stopped drinking she would not become so depressed afterwards."

"Whatdduya mean, drinking?" The kindly glow on Isaac Burnham's face gave way to a rather terrible mixture of fear and anger. "Didn't I tell you I wasn't going to have you touching the dirty stuff? Is that true?"

"No, daddy, I only had . . ."

"Tis so true. I'll make you sorry for this. I'm not going to have no kid of mine hitting the bottle."

Susie raised her eyes and was still as a statue of despair.

"You make her shut up daddy! She's just trying to be mean. It's because she doesn't want me to have a bracelet—she wants it herself."

There was a lull, broken, at last, by Isaac Burnham, who jumped up in a towering fury and rushed toward the door. "You can both go to the devil," he shouted in parting. "You're after my jack, that's what you are."

And upon this truism the door slammed.

* * *

The curtain dropped at the end of the first act of "Broadway Blues."

There were only four people in the box on the upper left, and two of them were talking. Susie, a cape of green and gold brocade thrown about her shoulders, leaned forward babbling excitedly.

"Gonderful wirl," incanted Bertram Wowse, who had the appearance of bursting out of his Bond Street dinner jacket, and smelled of scented brillian-tine.

"Step outside," suggested Stockbridge Potter, looking at Cecil. "Plenty left in the flask."

"I feel like a million dollars already," announced Susie. "I'll stay where I am."

"Nobody with me?"

Apparently nobody was. And Potter left the box, bored by Cecil's complaints about Isabel's tardiness.

Stockbridge Potter was a gentleman of leisure, though the sources of his income were increasingly obscure since he had succeeded in reducing the Prescott Potter estate to the vanishing point. He had started his career in the diplomatic service, spent five years at the consulate in Cairo, and relinquished the post because he claimed the Sahara made him too thirsty. After a few years of cheerful vagabondage he returned to New York, where he had been living ever since, chiefly on the diminishing hospitality of his friends.

At the rise of the curtain he returned with Isabel and Du Maurier, whom he had picked up in the lobby.

A light glowing behind the box accentuated the flush of happiness upon Isabel's face. She looked like a child, a rather excited child. Du Maurier, standing with his hand upon her shoulder, was impassive as ever. But his eyes, always alert, roved out into the audience and returned, inscrutably possessed of some new information, to rest upon the face of Susie.

She greeted him with a degree of informality, and he retired—his fastidiousness faintly repelled by the odor of whisky which hovered about her—to the rear of the box. He was filled with a sense of contented lassitude.

The brocaded wrap slipped from Susie's shoulders, and lay garlanded about the back of her chair. With a shock akin to that of awakening, Du Maurier became aware of her soft pink arm moving slowly, as she waved a fan.

The play was over soon. Too soon, everyone felt, for it had been undoubtedly amusing. Only Isabel was glad to emerge into the crispness of the night.

"Where shall we go?" Potter asked. "Montmartre?"

Du Maurier shrugged. Bertie, who felt ill at ease in his presence, chuckled self-consciously: "How about the Rendezvous? Let's go and see Wilda giggle."

"We might as well walk," suggested Cecil. "It's just across the street."

They set out in couples, moving slowly through the after-theatre crowd. It was a misty night, and a yellowish phosphorescence hung over the blazing signs and illuminated passing faces. Isabel, still reasonlessly disturbed, clung to Du Maurier's sleeve.

"We'll be there in a moment," he said.

* * *

The Rendezvous was a rather small restaurant, with its walls done in red, and red silk pin-wheels which remained unexpectedly stationary forming a sort of screen.

A good table was procured, not too near the orchestra, nor too far from the space cleared for what was left of the terpsichorean art. Du Maurier, with a total disregard of anything but his own amusement, wedged himself between Susie and Isabel. Bertie produced a hammered silver flask filled with Scotch, and everybody ordered ginger ale, except Cecil, who drank hers neat, and Du Maurier, who never touched anything as plebeian as whisky.

By this time Isabel's depression was real. The rhythm of the music, the bubbles of her highball, could not drive away a sense of sinister foreboding.

Looking about the restaurant—at the conglomeration of boys and girls with clean athletic frames, of dancing-partners paid to accompany antediluvian millionairesses, of women who wore many bracelets and might be either courtesans or leaders of society, or both—Isabel tried to grasp and hold the sheer animal quality of the scene.

In the end her thoughts returned to Du Maurier. To Isabel he was the alpha and omega of eventual happiness, the nucleus on which the fabric of her life was built. And yet tonight, more strongly than ever before, she sensed in Du Maurier that secret purpose, that striving towards some unseen goal, and felt for the first time that whatever purpose might be it reacted against her.

Du Maurier had inveigled Susie into a discussion of altruism. Isabel forced herself to listen to the words which she had heard before.

"I think selfishness is perfectly rotten," Susie was reiterating.

"What kind of selfishness?" asked Du Maurier.

"Any kind."

CHAPTER IV.

SUSIE LOSES NO TIME

"The true female," explained Du Maurier, tapping his empty glass with one fingernail, "is absolutely ruthless.

But that's because the future of the race depends upon her. She will sacrifice anybody upon the altar of her desire to find a proper father for her children."

Isabel, catching the last of his description, was struck by its similarity to what Adrian had said in the afternoon.

Susie, antagonized, fired back: "I certainly shan't believe that selfishness is nice—even in an artist. Even in you!"

"Why, that's dreadful," Du Maurier returned banteringly. "Because my credo is selfishness, and I'm resolved to make you like me."

Susie's eyes, softening, implied that his task would not be difficult. But, "You'll have to show me," she assured him, commanding.

The orchestra began to strum the first bars of "Tahiti." A hush, interspersed with stamping and the very audible remarks of some Princeton youths in a far corner, fell upon the hot crowded room.

"Wilda's going to giggle, Wilda's going to giggle," howled Bertie ecstatically, beating his highball glass with the side of a knife.

A chorus of four girls, palpably bad imitations of that which they represented, scurried about, filling the room with an oppressive, pungent perfume, which, intended to conjure up the vision of opulent tropical nights, got lost near the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street. But a wise manager could not have furnished any more miraculous contrast, when, amid a clamorous acceleration of applause, Gilda Gray appeared.

Small and glowing, instinct with a sensuous and exciting grace, she caught and relentlessly held to herself the attention of her jaded audience. Eager for new sensations, they found them here, in a dance as old, perhaps, as the race itself, a dance shamelessly vivid, composed of movements primitive and sensuous.

"Oh, Lordie . . . I've seen this so often," murmured Susie Burnham with an undisguised yawn. Let's clear out before she gets started. . . ."

Bertie's fat face turned up in pathetic appeal. "Oh, please, Susie," he begged.

Susie's lips puckered into a red and sullen smile. "I wouldn't take you away for the world, as long as you're dying," she said. Turning to Du Maurier, she laid her hand upon his sleeve. "Would you," she whispered, "be unselfish just for once? Would you take me home?"

Du Maurier withdrew his arm and glanced at Isabel. "Any objections?" he inquired—quite superfluously.

"Of course not," she replied, and turned to the dance floor, with a pretended utter indifference.

Before her the dance of primitive movements gilded with modernity continued its inexplicable magic.

* * *

"Ye Gods, I'm tired," ejaculated Cecil, as she and Isabel stumbled up the dark hall toward the studio door. "I'm glad tomorrow is Sunday so we can sleep late. Hullo—what's this?" as she saw that the studio door was wide open.

"*Mon Dieu*," Mesdemoiselles, but I am glad you have arrive," cried a voice tremulous with relief, and Anastasia detached herself from the gloom. "And

but it is lucky I decide to come home early," she added, waving her hands wildly. "With *Monsieur le Capitaine* raving like a maniac, Mesdemoiselles, but like a maniac, I assure you."

Isabel, curiously unsurprised in her state of emotional exhaustion, wondered vaguely what it was all about. "Be sensible, Anastasie," commanded Cecil sternly. "What happened?"

"He say now it is nothing," explained the maid in an undertone. "A mare of the night, as you call it. But he scream, Mademoiselle Cessy, he scream like the crazy person, about some white beast that come to get him, and he tear at his throat with his finger. He ask for the whisky, and he hold it up to the light so"—here there was another illustration—"and say in a most ugly voice: 'Anastasie, watch me drink to the white leopard, omen of misfortune and death.' And then he laugh, Mademoiselle, such a laugh that make me shiver in my skin, and tell me to get out."

Cecil looked toward Isabel. "Had we better have a doctor, do you think?"

Just then Adrian, slightly hoarse, but intensely audible, called: "Cecil, you practical idiot, get to bed. I want to talk to Isabel."

Cecil looked startled for once, glanced at her sister. Then she shrugged. "You'd better go in. He can't do worse than murder you."

Adrian was in bed, propped up against half a dozen cushions, with the covers drawn closely about him. He looked ghastly. Adrian's mouth grinned, and he waved his hand toward the door.

"I've seen what I wanted," he said gently. "It's too bad. A sacrifice will certainly be demanded. Now you can go."

Isabel fled.

"What on earth did he want?" demanded Cecil, as her sister flung herself upon the bed.

"Lord knows. He's talking like an idiot. Oh, Cecil," cried Isabel, desperately, "do you think he's crazy, stark raving crazy?" And she told Cecil what her father had said. "And seeing the white leopard too. . . ."

Cecil frowned, and looked away. "No," she said at last. "I don't think he's crazy. I think he's had an attack of delirium tremens. I'll call a doctor in the morning."

Like most modern girls, Isabel prided herself upon being an atheist. Nevertheless she could not restrain a profound interest in everything that pertained to the esoteric.

Somehow she connected here emotions in the restaurant with Adrian's hallucination. The night's disconnected happenings seemed bound together by a common undecipherable cause.

Having, like most atheists, a dread of witchcraft, thoroughly ecclesiastical in spirit, Isabel was frankly relieved when the doctor pronounced Cecil's prosaic diagnosis approximately correct.

Cecil, left alone with her father, did not mince words.

"You've frightened Isabel half to death with your talk about magic," she accused, running irritable fingers through her hair. "It's all very well for you to drink yourself to death if you want—to see pink lizards, or green elephants, or—"

"White leopards," corrected Adrian amiably.

"—purple leopards, for all I care," snapped Cecil. "But don't blame them on the supernatural, I beg of you."

"I don't," said Adrian blandly. "I blame them on the subnatural. King Satan lives underground. As for Isabel, one glance at her was enough to show that her attack of nerves resulted from nothing as unimportant as a father."

Cecil gave him a swift look, but refrained from questioning the source of his information.

"Consider her a little, Adrian," she urged. "I'm afraid she'll be very unhappy if Du Maurier doesn't come back. . . ."

Cecil's fears were justified at short notice.

CHAPTER V.

Du Maurier Fails to Appear

Du Maurier did not come back, nor so much as telephone, on Sunday, Monday, or the days that followed. Isabel, white-lipped with determination, repressed her feelings and applied herself to work. The statue of Orpheus and Eurydice, which she and Du Maurier had planned together, was almost completed: she had told him so on Saturday night. Valiantly, she hoped against reason that he would come to see it, if not to see her. But Wednesday passed, and when at eight an unexpected caller was announced, it was not Du Maurier, but Laurence Sanville, the most faithful of Isabel's suitors. Larry was a young man of the type which Du Maurier characterized as dumb but happy. Larry was a nice boy, and if he was not as brilliant a conversationalist as Du Maurier, at least he played as good a game of polo, danced as well, and loved Isabel better.

His first words sent an arrow through her heart.

"I hear it's all off with Dick," he said, and reached for her hands.

She moved away, remarking that news—she almost said bad news—travelled quickly.

"It's good news for me," Larry informed her. "Not that I'm flatterin' myself, but one less rival is one rival less. Isabel dear, tell me there's a chance."

"There isn't, Larry. I don't want to encourage you, when I know we can never be anything but friends." And, having said the conventional thing, Isabel looked winsomely up at him.

"Oh, damn that chap Du Maurier!" he groaned. "I think you really love him. And he goes gallivantin' with the little red-haired—" He stopped, recalling the precept that one must not say what one thought of a woman—to another woman. He fell on his knees beside Isabel and begged her to forgive him for "being" such a beast.

"There's nothing to forgive, Larry, old boy," said Isabel, passing maternal fingers across his crisp tobacco-colored hair. "You see it's true. I'm just a silly girl. But I'll get over it," she added sagely, "and so will you."

He squatted on the floor, and smiled, instantly hopeful after the manner of some men and all fools. "But I won't get over it," he promised. "I'll be like Cyril Harcourt is about your Aunt Veronica. I'll wait for twenty years if necessary."

Isabel, her thoughts elsewhere, managed to laugh with elaborate cynicism and spent the remainder of the evening acting old and tragic.

On Thursday morning, reconsidering Larry's words, and thinking not only of her broken heart but of the jokes her friends would make about it, Isabel felt resentment rising to a climax. And at this point it inevitably resolved into action.

She had gotten up early, ostensibly to put a few finishing touches to the sketch. But Cecil, entering the studio an hour later, found her standing in her nightgown, regarding with an expression of cold distaste the two finely moulded figures on the stand.

"What's the matter?" asked Cecil.

"The matter? What isn't the matter? I realize now that my work has been so much wasted time. This—this thing—is rotten!"

Cecil, pausing to throw her fur coat on the cushion-studded divan, made an exasperated movement.

"You know it's good. It's the best work you've ever done."

Then Isabel did an astonishing thing. There was an instrument of flexible metal upon the stand, and, taking this up, Isabel proceeded with deliberate malignity to destroy the labor of many months.

Cecil asked disapprovingly what on earth had made her act like such a fool.

"Du Maurier," Isabel's answer was swift and savage. "It was his concept, his spirit, and when he . . . left me . . . he destroyed it as surely as though he had used this knife." Isabel turned away from the ruin. "I hate him for it!" she cried. "I hate him for killing whatever is best in me! I hate him because I can't live without him!"

"I hope you've relieved yourself . . ." Cecil's cool censorious voice was like a dash of ice-water on Isabel's anger.

"Relieved myself . . ." Isabel threw herself upon the couch, and lay there motionless. She was still lying there when Cecil, glancing at her watch, realized that it was after nine, and knew she would be late to the office.

Isabel began to shiver. After all, it was December, and she had on nothing but a thin nightgown. An attack of the "flu" would hardly improve matters. With this philosophical reflection, Isabel arose from the divan and began to walk toward her bedroom. As she turned, her eyes fell upon the calendar on which she and Cecil scrawled their daily engagements. It was Thursday. She had promised Susie to shop with her that afternoon.

Squaring her shoulders, Isabel entered her bedroom and began to dress.

Cyril Harcourt, a tall stooping man with eyes like a vulture's, and a stern, finely moulded mouth, was known by all his colleagues as a stickler for efficiency. He had been a lawyer before he became senior partner of Harcourt, Hutteninson & Vincennes, and his affairs were carried on with an excessively legal exactitude. Nevertheless the severe lines of his face relaxed, and the keen eyes softened somewhat, when Cecil entered.

"Good morning, Miss Rayburn," he said. "You are"—he glanced at the leather travelling-clock on his desk—"you are just fifty-four minutes late. This is quite unpardonable."

"Shall I leave at once," Miss Rayburn inquired formally, "or shall I wait until evening?"

Then Mr. Harcourt and Miss Rayburn looked at one another and laughed. "I think you had better stay, Miss Rayburn," said Mr. Harcourt.

A few hours later the same two made their way through a restaurant packed with men, and seated themselves at a small table.

Having delivered the optimistic prediction of a big bull market due after the New Year, Mr. Harcourt inquired genially: "How's the little sister?"

Cecil had long known that her stern and irascible employer was capable of a vast deal of tender sympathy.

"Isabel's in rotten shape," Cecil admitted. "She spent the morning smashing up the best piece of sculpturing she ever turned out. Her sweetheart's given her the air, and Adrian's been filling up her head with superstitious

nonsense. He thought he was being chased by a—white leopard. And he told Isabel some nonsense about its being an omen."

Cecil paused while Mr. Harcourt gave the waiter their order.

Mr. Harcourt with a rueful smile, said: "I think little Isabel will get what she wants. But it'll be a hard siege, my dear, and there'll be wreckage in her trail, broken hearts and what not."

Cecil looked up at Mr. Harcourt with anguished eyes, though her voice was as calm as ever.

"What shall I do?" asked Cecil.

"A friend of mine, Professor Brent, laid down a law for the answer to such a question. 'Do nothing.' Beware, Cecil, of meddling with the machinations of the gods, for they are jealous gods, and like to play their little games alone. And now," said Mr. Harcourt, abruptly changing the subject, "I have another matter to speak of. Yesterday I received another visit from your charming Aunt Veronica. And I must say that, charming as she is, she's hardly the person to be left executrix of a will."

"Well, you do the managing," said Cecil, and added: "What did she want this time?"

"She came for legal advice," replied Mr. Harcourt briefly. "Do you remember, about a week ago, that some of her bonds matured?" Cecil nodded. "Well, I handed her over about ten thousand dollars in cash, with the paternal advice to put it in Liberty Bonds. She had a tip on Johnson Petroleum which has been going up and down like a drunken thermometer, and wanted me to buy it for her. When I told her I wouldn't, she got excessively cross and walked out of the office. Well, it seems that she walked down the street until she came to a house which announced on a sign that it had a direct wire—you know the kind."

"I can guess," chuckled Cecil. "A wire extending directly under the desk in the order department."

"More than likely. At any rate, Veronica walked in, got the manager of this outfit, and told him she wanted a thousand shares of 'Johnson Pet.' at the market. They reported the purchase of the stock at sixty, and said they were mailing her receipt and confirmation at once, and to be ready for a margin call at short notice. Oddly enough," said Mr. Harcourt, "her tip was straight. Johnson went up eleven points before the market closed. Regular skyrocket stuff. Her confirmation wasn't in the mail next morning, and by noon, with the stock up another eight points, she called up the place and told them to sell at the market. And here's the joker: they came right back with a 'Must have made an error, Madam; we have no record of your name on our books.' And that was all she could get. They stuck to the story that they had never heard of her. Even if the thing came to court, there'd probably be a dozen people to swear she was crazy. So you see—"

"That Aunt Veronica's out ten thousand bright little dollars, and has absolutely no comeback," supplemented Cecil.

"It looks that way," Harcourt called the waiter and paid his cheque. This is the sort of firm we come up against every day. I'd like to overstep my rights and carry on a little investigation of my own. And I want you to help me, Cecil, because I can trust you implicitly."

"Who are they?" Cecil asked, flushing faintly at the compliment.

"Firm calls itself Burnham & Levy. Have their main offices in Philadelphia—by the way, I'll be wanting you to run over there later on—and a branch here. Levy has money and Burnham brains. But they're a pair of thieves and I don't care who hears me say it. I understand Burnham used to run a gambling-house at Saratoga and another outside of Atlantic City until six years ago."

He looked at Cecil, who met his gaze with a stare of incredulity before she burst into uncontrollable laughter. "Take me back and put me to work," she commanded. "I think I'm going through the preliminary stages of 'dementia praecox'."

* * *

A mild atmosphere of mystery surrounded the figure of Richard Du Maurier, like an aureole of light.

He had made his first appearance in the particular set of New York society with which he later became identified—a set in which the men played polo and the women angled for titles—during that season which followed the signing of the Armistice. His excellent horsemanship and his taste in dress satisfied the male faction of his new acquaintance. Women could find no more perfect ornament for a drawing-room or a box at the opera than this eternally cool, charming, and 'degagé' young man. At the end of his first season Du Maurier had become a fixture.

There were, of course, the bankers, whose opinions did not always coincide with those of their offspring. Among those of a more practical turn of mind some disparaged his lack of occupation, others—influenced by their women, or else seeing beneath the mask of frivolity a shrewd and agile mind—pointed out profitable openings in steel corporations or railroad syndicates, and priceless opportunities in Wall Street. These Du Maurier turned down with a bland smile and the honest reply that he would rather be idle on a moderate income than hurried and worried on a hundred thousand a year.

Thus he remained sought after and single. So iety set aside its usual prying distaste for mystery and admitted with one accord that in Du Maurier it was charming. Du Maurier, perfectly aware of this, continued blithely manufacturing mystery, where no mystery was.

Susie Burnham told him: "I like you because you're so different. I feel it would take me years and years, perhaps for ever, to know all about you. You're such a mysterious person, Du Maurier. And I . . . I just love mystery."

"That's fine," he responded, overlooking the obvious opening.

On the morning of Isabel's destruction of the statue, and Cyril Harcourt's amazing revelation to Cecil, Richard Du Maurier said: "Susannah, you're a designing minx."

"But," contradicted Susie, "I'm not designing, Du Maurier."

"At all events, you're a minx, an adorable minx."

An unprecedented dimple showed itself in the corner of Susie's mouth. "I don't know what a minx is," she exclaimed mischievously, "excepting, of course, the kind of minx they use in the kind of cape my father won't buy me."

"Dear infant, don't say there's anything your father won't buy for you, even when you weep a la Lizzie."

"Oh, I don't know what's happened to my father," she whispered. "He used to be so sweet and generous. And now—he's closed my accounts at three stores: he won't let me get any new jewelry—why, he's even forbidden me to buy another hat."

"It strikes me," suggested Du Maurier, who like most men preferred the role of comforter to the role of comforter, "that you already have a vast number of hats."

"Nonsense," said Susie with unwonted sharpness—and at once perceived the blunder. "I haven't anything else," she wailed. "Just clothes and jewels and food . . . all empty material things. They're all I have, and now they're taking even those away. Oh, nobody understands me. Nobody cares for me. I haven't any . . . any . . . thing . . ."

The last few syllables were interspersed with soblike catches at her breath. Susie hesitated, then turned upon Du Maurier eyes

moist and brown, eyes helpless and inviting. Whereupon Du Maurier, flesh of Adam and, worse still, of Eve, said what was expected of him.

"You have me, my dear, if that counts at all," said Du Maurier, and afterwards, although it was against his rules to kiss before luncheon, he bent down and pressed his lips against Susie's poppy-red mouth.

Another hour had been broken upon the wheel of time.

Richard Du Maurier his mind awl with a hazy confusion of warm red lips and soft red hair, strolled across Fiftieth Street, and down Fifth Avenue towards a justly famous florist shop.

At the top of a broad staircase, in a sweet-scented narcotic gloom, he was greeted by the presiding spirit in that particular, semi-familiar tone reserved for customers of long standing who are prompt about paying their bills. In the green-shaded silence, that casual voice sounded almost oracular. "The gardenias," it said, "are very nice to-day. I've put a pair of good big ones aside for you."

And immediately, irritated by the placid expectation of the words, Du Maurier replied negatively: "That was kind of you, but I'm going to cut out gardenias. I want—let me see—a carnation, I think. Yes, a dark red carnation." Irrelevantly a picture of Isabel came into Du Maurier's mind, and with a wholly unusual sense of guilt, a shame that changed to positive annoyance at sight of the presiding spirit's amazement, he added languidly: "Gardenias are so perishable, so very perishable. Really, the best of them are hardly good for an evening."

Smiling in a kind of self-directed irony, Du Maurier drew the red carnation into his buttonhole and, with a shrug at futile ponderings, went out into the street.

CHAPTER VII Susie and Isabelle

Luncheon that day started by being a silent and gloomy meal for Susie and her mother. Mrs. Burnham, who had arrived just as Du Maurier was leaving, had been foolish enough to censure a certain person's idleness; she and Susie had quarrelled furiously until the arrival of the postman with a letter mailed in Philadelphia united them in a sudden protest against Isaac's high-handedness.

"That caps the climax!" Susie pointed to the end of Isaac's letter, in the postscript to which he mentioned the probability of a prolonged visit to the metropolis, since, owing to unforeseen circumstances, he was planning to shut down his New York office.

"It's a stall," snarled Olive.

"I can't dope him at all." Susie picked up the letter, as though constant perusal might impress facts upon a mind accustomed to evading all unpleasant issues.

"I have a fitting up town at three, and Isabel's coming back to tea," Susie announced, having subdued her vexed spirit. "Come on in and help me decide what to wear tonight. Gee, it makes me sick. Bertie's seen every dress I own."

Mrs. Burnham seized upon the opportunity to relieve herself by resuming their former argument. "I am delighted," she said, "to hear that you do not intend spending all your time with the lazy intellectual you picked up in the theatre."

Susie made an about-face which would have done credit to a veteran of the world war. "Mother! If you mean Du Maurier—you know Isabel intro—" Hairpins flew about and tinkled on the hardwood floor.

"Very well, Susie," Mrs. Burnham followed her daughter into her daughter's room and cautiously shut the door in Barbara's face. "That doesn't give him enough money to support you, you extravagant child," continued Olive provocatively. "And this is certainly the last time for you to pursue—er—fruitless intimacies."

Susie, now at the stage of smearing her pink face with thick white cream, responded almost absently: "Of course, I realize that you're anxious to get me out of the way, married off daddy's hands. Of course, I realize that in that case there'd be more in it—for you." And she looked up, awaiting the certain animosity of the reply.

But Olive Burnham's anger had collapsed like a pricked windbag. When next she spoke, a change had come into her voice, a curious change, so that it seemed to be an echo of the voice which must have been hers at twenty. "Suey, my girl," Olive whispered, "don't say that, please. Suey, you know it's not true. You know I love my baby better than anything. But you're not a child any more. Two years and you'll be twenty-five. And women get old so soon. It's time for you to marry, and marry well. It's no time for you to keep company like a third-grade parlour-maid."

If there was one thing to crystallize Susie's affection for Du Maurier, it was her mother's opposition. "Now, Mother," she began, "don't let's start all over. I like Du Maurier. I like him a lot. I'll marry anyone I want."

"If your father lost his money—"

Olive's daughter laughed. "That wouldn't matter. Why, I'd slave for a man I loved, mother."

"I thought that once," said Olive.

Susie, startled by the tone of her mother's speech, looked up. There were tears, bright as diamonds, on her mother's lashes. "Oh, cheer up, mom!" cried Susie, rushing over to present her mother with a creamy kiss. "Everything's going to be all right." After which she proceeded to remove the grease from her face with an embroidered guest-towel.

"Susannah," screamed Olive, "you're wiping your dirty face on my show-towel! Oh, you miserable little wretch! Slave for a man, would you? Not if you knew it." And so on, on, and on, until little Susie, flinging her fur coat about her with a despairing gesture, rushed from the scene, crying:

"You're a nasty old thing, and it would serve you right if I got run over, and never came back."

Susie did not get run over, but arrived safely at the Plaza, where Isabel was waiting.

"Do hurry, darling," exclaimed Susie, as she rushed up and seized her friend's hands. "We're most horribly late, and I have a million things to attend to."

"It's all right, Susie," Isabel said reassuringly. "What on earth kept you?"

"Mother—mother, of course. You don't know how horried she can be. She always puts up a front when you're there. She called Du Maurier—"

Susie and Isabel swung westward; the large plate-glass doors of an expensive establishment opened to receive them. The subject of Du Maurier—absorbing to both of them—was thrust into the background while they reviewed a pageant of velvet toques drooping with paradise, twisted metal cloth turbans, and charming bell shapes just in from Paris.

A tall white-haired man with a red necktie and an authoritative manner sent people flying to get a buckram shape, which would eventually be covered with velvet and adorned with Mrs. Burnham's aigrettes. In the expectant calm, Susie asked Isabel whether she had seen Du Maurier.

"Not since Saturday night." To compensate for the hurt to her pride, Isabel supplemented: "I've been terribly busy."

"I'll bet he's called you up a dozen times, hasn't he?"

"Have you seen him?" Isabel countered.

"Oh, yes, he's the sweetest thing, my dear, just as nice as you said he was. Only this morning he—but this is ridiculous! What I wanted to ask you was—"

please be truthful, darling—are you in love with Du Maurier? Or are you just good pals? Because, you see, I simply have to know."

Isabel heard herself replying: "What utter nonsense! I'm much too busy working to be in love with Dick or anybody else." She interrupted herself in order to secure a soft blue turban. "Isn't this lovely, Susie? It's just my color." And Isabel began to remove the long diamond and sapphire pins from her own hat. "Why did you have to know?"

"It is a lovely color. You don't mind if I try it on while you're taking off your hat? I had to know because if you had been in love with him—you see, Isabel darling, whatever faults I have, I have one virtue too—fairness. And if you were in love with him, why, he must know it. And if he knew it, why, he had no business making love to me." She gave the blue hat a fierce little tug, and regarded herself in the mirror with a widening smile. "Isn't it lovely? It might have been designed for me. I'll just wear it right out." She added, as an afterthought: "You didn't want it anyway, did you?"

"Of course not. I really don't want any."

"I knew you didn't. You aren't weak, the way I am, about these things. Well, now that we've settled that, we can get back to Richard."

"You see," Susie said, "I have to make myself beautiful for him. I have so little, Isabel, and the more I get, the less it seems I have. He's all that really matters to this poor, poor little rich girl. Will you help me, Isabel?"

"I'll try." And Isabel, trapped, rose abruptly, mumbled some sort of an excuse, and got out of the stifling sweetness of that unforgettable place. "And I will try," she promised herself fiercely.

As she rode down through the light-pricked mauve of the winter evening, it was with a heart hardened against her own grief, and a mind filled with stubborn resolve. "I have plenty of resources," Isabel thought. "I have my work, I have my father to look after, I have Cecil; I have the satisfaction of a double loyalty, to my friendship with Susie, to my own convictions of right and wrong. I will not see Du Maurier again." A sudden overwhelming perception of the beauty of the sacrifice lifted Isabel upon invisible wings, so that she felt herself soaring far above a city of passion and pettiness, a city of greed, Beauty, enfolding her, wrapped her in peace.

From Anastasia Isabel learned that her sister had gone with Potter to dine at Giuseppe Cappel's restaurant on Thirtieth Street.

Adrian greeted his daughter with a brief nod and the grin of a gargoyle. "I hope you haven't just decided never to see your young man again," he volunteered, with his peculiar characteristic of hitting the nail on the head, and Isabel in a tendered spot, "because he called this afternoon and announced his intention of coming back tonight."

"Because Susie has another engagement," Isabel thought. "Oh, Lord!"

CHAPTER VIII.

DU MAURIER APPEARS

Isabel's immediate problem was whether or not to receive Du Maurier that

night. Her duty was plain. She must receive Du Maurier as though nothing had happened. She must evade the subject of the "Orpheus and Eurydice" and conceal its destruction. She had the impulse to deck and adorn herself for the event.

In the studio there was one panel which was a safe. In it a locked black box, filled with jewels belonging to women now dead, to Adrian's wife and Adrian's mistresses.

"Give me the key, pupaw."

Adrian showed no surprise as she burst into his room holding the box in trembling hands. "Bring me the box. Put it here on my bed."

It was open. Clanking, the jewels tumbled across the knees of the brown, distorted man.

Diamonds of the old mine cut, white and blue . . . Rich rubies still after years in their swathings of cotton hot and red as tiny chalices filled with blood. . . These belonged to a woman Adrian had known before he married Helena. A Spanish girl with wonderful arms, whose name was Maria Dolores. . . Pearls, large and white and lustreless. Helena's pearls.

Adrian watched his daughter as she adorned herself—as she put on the many rings, more and ever more, until her hands were heavy with dull white diamonds; the many bracelets, until her arms were cut with crimson bands, crimson welts like the welts made by a long whip. Then, as she twisted the pearls about her throat, Adrian spoke.

"Take them off. My God, they're dead! They make you look like a mummy."

Reality, amazing instant of reality.

"I'm being a fool," Isabel said aloud. "I'll go into the studio and put this—this stuff—away. I wish I'd never touched it."

She came to the bed to take the box. His hand closed upon her arm. "You're so—female, Isabel. You'll never give him up."

"I will! I will! I'll send him away tonight!" And stumbling, defiant, she went from the room.

She stood beside the table in the studio. She had taken off the pearls. In the lamplight she looked at her hands and her arms. Only the rubies had kept their color: the rubies that were red as wine, red as the summer sun, red as red blood.

"I'm like a ruby," Isabel thought. "In high temperature they change color . . . turn green."

She became conscious of a sound of knocking, took herself in hand. She knew that Du Maurier had come. She could see him standing there outside of her consciousness, see the look on his face. She knew that he was stirred, unmasked for a moment.

"Hello, there," she called. "Throw your coat anywhere."

His face clouded up. The mask slid back into place. But beneath it he seethed with a new knowledge. "She is a woman! Isabel is a woman! Not an artist. Never, never the creator of statues! A woman, a creator of man."

"You have come to see the 'Orpheus,'" she said.

He had come to see her—for the first time—to see the woman.

"I'll show it to you presently, when I get rid of this junk." Ridiculous banalities. "What have you been doing with yourself, old man?"

He watched the red welts of rubies on her white arms, like the marks of a whip. "Don't take them off, they're wonderful!" he said. He watched her arms.

"I must take them off!"

Stripping away the jewels like red fire, she threw them in the box, shut the black lid upon them.

"You came to see the 'Orpheus'?"

"Yes. I came to see it. Is it finished?"

"Quite—finished."

The arm, all white now, reached to a cover on a wooden stand. The cover was gone.

Man and woman were gone.

Artist and critic faced each other over the wreck of clay.

* * *

Isabel was alone when Cecil and Potter returned to the studio.

"Oh, we had such a wonderful time!" Cecil announced hilariously. "We ate at Giuseppe's, and then went to the Rialto."

She paused in the midst of lighting her cigarette.

"Did Du Maurier call up by any chance?"

"He was here."

"How'd you ever get rid of him with such admirable dispatch?" Potter stretched out his legs and reclined luxuriously.

"Did Cecil tell you what happened to the 'Orpheus' this morning?"

"Yump! And I told her that now I knew that Barnum was right."

"Well, Isabel, I showed it to Dick."

"Oh, my God!" wailed Cecil. "What an awful confession of undying love. Now he'll be more unbearable than ever!" She blew a long wreath of smoke out through her nostrils. "What did he say?"

"Oh, he was a perfect beast!" cried Isabel, momentarily forgetting her pride and the presence of Potter. "What do you suppose he did say?"

Potter, silent, effaced himself, taking in every word.

Cecil replied quite calmly: "That you were a bigger fool than he thought you were. That a fine statue belonged to the world and not to you. That you had no right to destroy it, and that you made him sick."

Isabel stared. "Well," she said at last, "you're one peach of a character judge." She saw Potter, became aware of his keen glance, changed the subject. "How were things at the office today? Any news?"

"Yes," said Cecil, lightly. "Veronica French, the poor fish, dropped a paltry little ten thousand." But Cecil did not mention the name of the firm where the ten thousand had been "dropped."

"Yes," said Potter, lazily lifting himself from the floor, "Barnum sure was right. Good night, young ladies."

* * *

An old-fashioned fire of cannel-coal burning in an iron grate threw a tangerine-colored glow about a room somewhere in the West Fifties. Close to the fire a chair was drawn, and on the hearth lay a wire-haired fox-terrier, nose rested tentatively between placid paws.

The door opened.

The terrier awoke sniffing, yelping, helplessly rolling with delight. Richard

Du Maurier, strolling towards the fireplace was instantly surrounded by one joyful dog, who seemed to occupy the space, to make the noise, of a thousand gratified pups.

"Good evening, Achilles," said Du Maurier gravely, grasping his roommate in the middle and swinging him aloft. Returned to his rug, Achilles curled up and went promptly back to sleep.

Du Maurier proceeded to remove his overcoat, his jacket, and his vest. Donning a dressing-gown of badly worn blue velvet, he went to the big paper-littered desk in the corner. There he switched on a powerful modern reading-lamp, and produced pen, ink and a writing-tablet.

Before settling to a task of obvious importance, Du Maurier made a complacent survey of the room. Everything was as it should be: the fire glowed, the dog slept, the bed was turned back, the shades were drawn, the telephone in the corner was switched off. The landlady below, if anyone chanced to ask for Mr. Richard Du Maurier, would never think of associating him with the gentleman who had occupied the third floor rear for the past four years. The few people who were party to his secret were safe as mutes. In fact, Du Maurier concluded, he was secure as a monk in a cell.

When he had written a few pages, Du Maurier said aloud: "This will make an excellent beginning for chapter nine," after which he continued to write industriously.

CHAPTER IX. CHRISTMAS EVE.

Cyril Harcourt belonged to the genial old set which regarded Christmas Eve as a fitting and proper time for family reunions. Every year Veronica French and her two nieces were invited to partake of a mighty dinner, and to help decorate the spreading evergreen with bright baubles and gifts wrapped in scarlet. Adrian, too, was invited, but he always refused.

This year, as though Adrian's surly negative were not enough, Isabel announced that she was not going, either.

"You and Aunt Veronica will have to support the family honor between you," she told Cecil. "I don't fancy you'll sink under the burden."

Cecil started. "Not going? Why, what nonsense! Of course you're going."

"I'm not."

"Why?"

"For one thing, I've told Anastasie to take the night off, and I won't leave pupaw here alone—in his condition."

This excuse, though not convincing, was valid enough.

Still, "we can always get a woman to come in," said Cecil, who knew perfectly well that Isabel's reasons for refusing had nothing to do with her father.

"Have you another engagement?"

Isabel met Cecil's gaze squarely. Certainly not. I shall work on the figure of Sappho, finish it, perhaps."

But on Christmas Eve, as she wrapped her cloak about her, Cecil broke out rebelliously: "You're a little fool." For Du Maurier had not so much as telephoned. "I wouldn't make myself that miserable for any man."

Isabel's eyes swept somewhat contemptuously over the smooth expanse of bare shoulder which showed above her

sister's wrap. Then quickly she looked down at her own rough smock. "After all," said Isabel, deliberately choosing to misunderstand, "it's my father."

"The deuce it is!" Cecil flung back, and went out slamming the door.

Isabel picked up a lump of clay and began rolling it between her fingers. But she was too restless to work. She went in and sat down near Adrian's bed.

"Go away." He glanced up with a look almost apprehensive. "I want to be alone."

"Oh, pupaw!" Isabel's face clouded. "On Christmas Eve? Why, it's the one night of the year when you ought to feel convivial and friendly. Besides, I stayed home to be near you, so you must let me."

Adrian did not smile. He was no longer susceptible to flattery.

"We'll pass over that lie," he said, "because I suppose it's for your own vanity's sake, as well as mine."

"A year ago," Adrian reminded her, "you couldn't imagine Christmas being lonesome or sad. Yet here you are, home alone and wretched because of a stupid clinging to the belief that a man for whom you care will choose to surprise you with a call on Christmas Eve."

With that he appeared to go into a reverie, forgetting all about Isabel, who grew rather uncomfortable.

Then Adrian awoke from his reverie and barked at her: "I thought I told you I wanted to be alone."

She stood up, her nerves jangling from the sudden shock of sound.

"Give me a drink and get out. My lungs are still good, oddly enough. I'll call if I want you. Give me a drink and go."

"Pupaw, you promised to cut down."

"The hell I did. Get me a drink, Isabel, and be quick about it."

Afterwards. "Don't mind me, youngster," Adrian half apologized. He ran his tongue slowly across the edge of the glass, as if this faint savour of whiskey were some rare sensual delight. "This is one of my bad nights, worse luck for you. Run along into the studio and wait for your lover to call. . . ."

"That is not likely to happen. . . ."

"It is Christmas Eve," Adrian answered, sipping delicately. "Almost anything is likely to happen."

"Anything but that. . . ." Isabel thought, as she went into the studio and resolutely addressed the statue of Sappho, finished except a few small touches. Small, important touches—gradually they drew her attention away from the silent telephone, so that it was ten o'clock before she stood up, rubbed the sticky green mud from her hands, and realized that her work was done. And, "anything but that," she repeated. "For he won't come now."

Slowly she stripped off the rough blue smock and stood there, a slender figure in a slip of soft gold-colored stuff. After a time she took up a book which lay on a table, alternately reading and musing, until the clock struck again and she left a deeper silence behind its ringing call. Then she put the book away and turned down the lights.

The room was dark, save where the light from Adrian's doorway painted a pale rectangle on the floor. And Isabel felt sorry for their short-lived beauty; so sorry that her throat tightened; so sorry that she turned away from the

window, groping about the room until she found a chair. There she sat with her hands over her face, while hot salty tears trickled like white blood between her fingers. There she sat until the clock struck midnight, when she raised her head and knew it was Christmas Day.

And, in that same instant she heard a sound behind her, and, turning, saw the studio door swing slowly open. . . .

"Oh-h-h. . . drifting along along with the ti-i-de. . . ." Buzz. Buzz. "Da-de-da-dee, dadeeeseeee. . . ." Buzz. Buzz. Da-dum-dum. . . ."

"Do you suppose they'll ever stop arriving?" exclaimed Cecil. "It's past midnight now, and they're still going strong."

"Fashionable tardiness, my dear," said the woman to whom she was speaking. "These people are all very fond of Cyr'l. So they get tight before they come over, instead of drinking his liquor."

Cecil replied trivially. She was not having a thoroughly enjoyable time tonight—poor Cecil. Her mind would keep turning to Isabel's unwarranted absence, and then, over and over, to Mr. Harcourt's shaken head and disappointed smile. She had tried to cheer him as best she could, but her efforts met with small success. The worldly witticisms of Mrs. French seemed more to his liking. Cecil looked carefully at her aunt, and realized for the first time that she did not, that she most definitely did not, care for her.

Mrs. French was a tall woman, slenderly built, but all curves; that rare type of figure which the French call *fausse maigre*. Her complexion had the bloom and velvet smoothness of twenty summers—twenty summers of skillfully applied creams and judiciously avoided sunlight.

She and Cecil were standing together upon the staircase, from which they commanded an excellent view of the room below, where two orchestras played alternately, and eternal couples circled about the lighted Christmas-tree.

"A charming picture, is it not," said Mr. Harcourt, coming up behind the two women.

"Oh, it's splendid, C. H. Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without it!" cried Cecil.

Mr. Harcourt flashed Cecil a grateful smile, but it was to her aunt that he turned. "Where are your thoughts, Veronica? Far away, I'll wager."

"Indeed not. There—" Mrs. French swept out her hand toward the dance floor below. She laughed, quietly and irrelevantly; turned with a consciously graceful movement, and slowly descended the stairs, her black velvet train sweeping behind her.

Mr. Harcourt touched Cecil's arm.

"Cecil, my child, I don't know where I'd be without you to buck me up. You are my greatest comfort in moments when I am sorely tried." He pressed her hands quickly. "I must go back to my guests, infant, and quickly, or I shall be saying things which I have no right to say—yet—" so with these words he turned and left Cecil, left her with a new warm tingling in her hand and her arm, even in her heart.

Afterwards she stood for a while like one in a dream. Then she tripped lightly up the stairs, separated her wrap from several hundred others, and

dashed down again. She wanted suddenly to get back to Isabel, for in her present mood she felt competent to pull down the barrier which had recently come between them.

CHAPTER X.

A MIDNIGHT PARTY.

Guests were still arriving when she reached the door, where she was greeted by a pair of old acquaintances. After about ten minutes of conversation, the female of the species turned to her husband, and exclaimed: "What's become of Dick?"

"I suppose he's still out in the car," replied her husband. "That's where I left him."

"How perfectly absurd! Bring him in at once!"

"But he doesn't want to come in, dearest."

"Bring him in at once, Horatio."

Shortly afterwards a flushed and triumphant Horatio dragged in a bored and sulky Du Maurier.

"Hello, there—" Cecil made no attempt to conceal the fact that she was more amazed than pleased. "I hardly expected to see you."

"Nor I you," said Du Maurier; and he looked about, Cecil thought, with an air of nervous discomfort. "I say, where's Isabel?"

"At home."

"At home? Why did she leave so early?"

"She hasn't been here." Cecil hesitated, and then went on in a subtly accusing voice: "She didn't want father to be alone, so she stayed at home."

"Poor kid, all by herself the night before Christmas! If you're going back I'll come along."

It seemed to Cecil that he deliberately hastened their departure. She was convinced that for an unknown reason he did not want Cyril Harcourt to see him. In any case, they were soon in a taxi chugging down Fifth Avenue.

"What's the big idea?" Cecil demanded rudely.

Du Maurier made a movement of languid innocence. "I had a whim. . . . Rather wanted to wish Isabel a Merry Christmas."

Du Maurier leaned back and idly counted the street lamps as they fled past.

"I didn't know you knew C. H.," Cecil remarked at last, curiosity conquering her taciturn mood. "I once asked him about you—he'd never even heard the name."

"Hadn't he?" said Du Maurier, non-committally.

Something in Cecil snapped. "Damn you, Du Maurier!" she cried. "You have some secret. You're sailing under false colors, and I mean to find out why!"

Du Maurier stretched out his legs and regarded two delicate reflections on the tips of his patent leather boots.

"Solving riddles is a splendid mind-trainer," he finally observed.

Cecil was too angry to reply.

It was at approximately this time that Isabel, facing about, saw the studio swing open.

Outlined against the golden light of the outer hall she perceived the figure

of Stockbridge Potter, pale, disheveled, and with difficulty supported by a strange young man with a purple necktie.

Isabel moved rapidly to the table; switched on the lamp.

"Say, does this guy live here?" inquired the strange young man, blinking. Just then Potter's knees gave way entirely and he sagged to the floor. Isabel took his feet, the strange young man grasped him firmly beneath the armpits, and between them they managed to carry him to the divan.

Only then did Isabel raise frightened inquiring eyes to the stranger and stammer: "What happened! is . . . was there an accident?"

"Keep your shirt on," he advised with an engaging smile. "S'not wood alcohol, or anything like that your brother's got just a hard-boiled bun."

Isabel recoiled sharply. "He isn't my brother."

She thought a shade of dismay passed over the stranger's face. "Your husband, Madam?" he inquired.

Isabel colored. "N-no," and then, catching sight of the stranger's expression, she added with hasty severity: "And since you took the trouble to ask, he does not live here. Not at all."

To her amazement the young man in the purple necktie flushed deeply crimson. She noted he was a pleasant-looking boy, with clear olive skin, framing grey eyes as deep and pensive and heavy-lashed as those of a young girl.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered finally. "He told me this was his address."

The strange young man, who during the latter part of the oration had been fumbling in his pocket, remarked cheerfully. "Well, he's out," and producing an immaculate card, upon which the name of Wadsworth Silverstein and the address of Silverstein's Superior Suits Co. were neatly printed, he proffered it to Isabel in his courtliest manner.

"My name is Rayburn, Isabel Rayburn," she responded, holding out her hand. "The gentleman on the divan, who is so vastly indebted to you is Mr. Stockbridge Potter, lately of the American Consulate in Cairo. Perhaps you will be good enough to tell me where you met—or shall I say found—him."

"You shall say 'found,'" agreed the obliging Mr. Silverstein. "And I'd be tickled to death to tell you anything." Thereupon he removed his overcoat, hung it over the back of the most uncomfortable chair, and sat down. "I discovered him sitting on the curbstone in front of Jimmie Cassidy's old saloon up to Forty-eighth Street. He gave me this address, you see. As for being indebted. . . ." Mr. Silverstein shrugged magnanimously, "seeing that it's helped me to meet you," he said. "I'll say it was a pleasure, and we'll call it square."

"Thank you," answered Isabel, but so coldly and stiffly that she might better have voiced a reproof. Isabel was more of a snob than she cared to admit.

"Now see here, Miss Rayburn, I don't want you to get me wrong. I'm not trying to be fresh, only—" His long grey eyes sought hers wistfully, but found no help. I know you're A 1 in the social register, and all that. I'm not such a dumb-bell that I can't see the difference

between us in that way. And—" Still no encouragement. "But I've never had a chance to meet a girl like you. And now that I have—well, I'd like to go on knowing you. D'you see?"

Isabel did not know what to say; therefore she said nothing.

When he spoke again, a fine edge of sarcasm cut his words. "What shall we do," he asked, "with your good friend, Mr. Potter, lately of the American Consulate in Cairo?"

"I should let him sleep."

The words, spoken in Cecil's voice, brought Isabel and her companion sharply about. Cecil, her evening wrap thrown back from gleaming shoulders, stood smiling in amused self-possession. Beside her was Richard Du Maurier.

"Merry Christmas," he said, and bowed to Isabel. He seemed to add: "Couldn't you do better than this, poor girl?"

Isabel was too utterly astounded to guard herself. "Why—Dick—" She took a step forward, her hands outstretched. "Why, Dick. . . . whatever brought you . . . ?"

"A taxicab, my dear. An orange and black one. I came," Du Maurier added, "in the hope of surprising you, but it seems you have turned the tables on me."

Isabel explained. "Mr. Silverstein was good enough to come to Stock's rescue," she said, smiling for the first time upon the stranger. "I want you to know him. My sister, Cecil. Mr. Silverstein. And Du Maurier."

Mr. Silverstein shook hands all the way round. Mr. Du Maurier disengaged his fingers, and looked at them as though they were valuable antiques.

"Really," said Isabel, "what are we going to do?"

Cecil took command of the situation. "It's Christmas Day!" she said. "Let's each have a drink and some scrambled eggs!"

CHAPTER XI.

ISABEL'S NEW ADMIRER.

Toward three o'clock Potter awoke with a headache, to find a group of solemn youngsters discussing matters supposed to be discussed by sociologists.

Silverstein said: "I don't suppose I'll ever be able to dope a social system worked out on the basis of the age of families. Take this fellow Potter. Now Miss Rayburn's been telling me his family were among the first settlers of Maryland, and had all sorts of grants from the king, and so on. Well—look at him!"

Four faces turned in Potter's direction.

Potter made a ceremonious bow, and echoed:

"You're perfectly right. Here am I, a Son of the Revolution, chip off the Plymouth Rock, petted infant of a mother with a family-tree that was old when the tree of knowledge was planted. Now you—" he wagged his head gently towards Silverstein. "You've gallons of money. And yet you couldn't pass the front door of clubs where I—the drunken bum—would be accepted without a murmur. Why, I bet your father came over from Russia in the steerage, and peddled shoe-strings for a living."

Silverstein was more sensitive than Potter. The blood rushed to his forehead; he started from his chair. Du

Maurier begged him not to take offense.

"Potter didn't mean to imply that it was a disgrace. Something to be rather proud of, you know—being a self-made man. And truthfully, didn't your father peddle something?"

Du Maurier's hint of flattery turned the trick. Although his eyes retained the look of an injured puppy, Silverstein relaxed. "Sure he did. Peddled second-hand clothes down on the Bowery. Then he worked in a sweatshop. Then he got a shop of his own, and other fellows worked for him. Now—" the note of belligerence, of challenge, roughened his smooth voice—"he has four cars, two of 'em foreign ones, and he could buy all four of you four times over, see?"

No one cared to take up the challenge.

"Surely I see," replied Potter, faintly animated by signs of returning life. "He could buy me four thousand times over if he wanted to. And if he waits long enough, he'll buy himself into the place he wants to reach."

"I wonder . . ." Silverstone's eyes seemed to fasten wistfully upon some far-off and beautiful dream.

He answered: "Anything can be bought." And swunk suddenly upon Potter. "How broke are you?" he asked.

By way of answer, Potter turned his pockets inside out.

"But don't try to lend me money," he said ungraciously. "Because you won't get it back, and I don't know you well enough to rob you."

Silverstein positively snorted. "Lend you money? Hell, no! I'm offering you a job. A job with Silverstein's Superior Suits Company. Take it or leave it."

No one interrupted him.

"Come home and sleep at my pa's house tonight. Go to work tomorrow, if you feel good; next day if you don't. But show these folks that you got some backbone, some guts, something besides a family-tree."

Potter grinned. "I haven't. But like old Jurgen, I'll taste any drink once. Even work." He arose, stood swaying uncertainly.

"For myself," said Silverstein in farewell, having accepted the burden of the excuses, "I can't say I'm sorry this happened. He turned directly to Isabel. "I want to see you again. Will you have lunch with me on Saturday, and go to a show afterwards?"

Isabel stepped back. "I can't," she said frigidly. "I am engaged for Saturday. Some other time, perhaps."

Silverstein lowered his long lashes, bowed ironically, and went out.

"You've made a conquest, my dear," said Richard Du Maurier, folding a white silk muffler over his chest and sliding into his fur-lined greatcoat. "You ought to cultivate the young man. I'm sure—" He paused, glanced carelessly about the room, and then let his eyes dwell upon Isabel's arms. "I'm sure," said Richard Du Maurier, "that he could give you lots of—rubies."

* * *

The hectic week between Christmas and New Year passed quickly. Its only significance for Isabel lay in the fact of a renewed contact with Du Maurier. A casual contact which failed to simplify a situation which Isabel found increasingly painful. She tried to occupy her mind with work. A girl called asking for work as a model. She was a brown Italian peasant with flat thighs, a firm

ample bosom, and a tragic history. Isabel, delighted with her beautiful form, her flashing teeth, and her melancholy brown eyes, spent a week doing rapid sketches in pencil and water color. One January morning she realized that it was time to pick a subject and start modeling.

Napolita, resting on the divan, was looking down at a cushion she held in her arms.

Isabel flung up triumphant arms.

"Oh, Napolita," she cried. "I'm going to model you . . . model you with a baby in your arms, Napolita, and I shall call it . . . I shall call it the 'Madonna of the Streets.'"

Napolita, who understood nothing except that she would have work, and, therefore, food, sat smiling her white smile.

Isabel was still pouring over sketches when Du Maurier dropped in. He found the studio interesting. "What will you call it?" he asked.

"I thought at first I should call it 'Madonna of the Streets,' after the model who was just that," Isabel explained. "Later I decided to name it 'Eternal Woman.'"

"'Eternal Huntress' would be better."

"Why? Why 'Eternal Huntress'?"

Du Maurier shrugged his shoulders and glanced downward at the dark red carnation in his button-hole.

"Eternal woman, or eternal huntress," he said at last, "it is one and the same thing. For each woman is relentless in her search for the father of those children who will be her single great gift to posterity."

Isabel turned quite pink.

"Too bad you aren't an author," she snapped. "No doubt the world would have worshipped at the shrine of your eloquence. As for me, I recognize the paraphrase. It's from one of last year's novels."

"Speaking of worship," murmured Du Maurier, "have you seen our friend Silverstein?"

Isabel had not. In fact, had it not been for Du Maurier's satirical references, plus Stockbridge Potter, Isabel certainly would have forgotten Silverstein entirely.

Potter was gradually becoming embittered by a struggle against the harsh cold world. Having accepted Silverstein's offer of a position, because his friends refused to support him any longer, he had worked regularly for the first two weeks. Then he skipped a day, and presently, less cautious, skipped three.

Cecil prophesied that Potter's working-days were drawing to a close. "He'll last about one more week," she observed.

* * *

It was a cold and gleaming Sunday.

Cecil and Isabel, having loaded the table with sandwiches, tea-cups, bottles and glasses, were prepared to welcome any number of people; which was fortunate, for presently there was a violent knocking and banging, followed by a human avalanche which laughed, joked and chattered in its descent upon the studio.

Du Maurier and Susie came in with the crowd. The women snubbed her.

Isabel took stock of the company, greeting alike those she had known before and those she had not. There was Colin Vincennes, the junior partner of Harcourt, Hutchinson & Vincennes, a

blond man with wicked black eyes, son of a French Vicomte and an English comedienne. He had just returned from California, where his wife, Andrea Dartie the composer, had been recovering from the mild nervous shock of her first husband's suicide.

There were others whom Isabel knew—Edwin Dare, the dramatic critic; H. Barclay Benson, anonymous author of that socialistic volume entitled, "Them As Has Gets." There were a few artists who were neighbors. In fact, there was a mob.

Frantic throwing off of coats and mufflers was interspersed with shouts of "Look here, Ruthie, where were you on Wednesday?—I thought we had a tea date," and "Rod, for cat's sake, don't sit on my new hat."

Isabel went over to be presented to Andrea Dartie, the composer. She was rather taken aback when she learned that this pale-skinned, auburn-haired girl was a cousin of Du Maurier's. She had never fancied that Du Maurier, man of mystery, would have a cousin who was well known, who, moreover, lived within a block of Isabel. Du Maurier had not considered this contingency himself. Knowing Andrea, he was glad that she liked him. She was one of the few who knew his secret.

Du Maurier frankly classified his cousin as the most ruthlessly selfish woman he had ever met. Only in music did she give. But for her husband she had a violent physical attachment, jealous and passionate; she guarded him as a tigress her cubs, with a cold and dangerous ferocity. She kept what she took.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OCCULT WORLD

Isabel had spread out some of her colored sketches of Napolita. Andrea said:

"What a magnificent animal! How silly to paint her as a madonna . . . with a baby in her arms. She's far too handsome to have babies." And Andrea glanced almost apprehensively at her own slender body.

"Don't you want to have children?" Isabel asked.

"No, I don't want children." Andrea's single concern with love was the pleasure of experiencing it. "It's unlucky in my family. My mother died of it. So did my grandmother. I am quite satisfied with living. I will leave the giving of life to God and the lower classes."

Isabel's upper lip curled under. "You are afraid," she said.

Andrea nodded cheerfully. "My one form of cowardice."

"Then one should stay single." Hotly Isabel swept the sketches into an open portfolio.

The composer leaned forward and took Isabel's hands. "What a woman you are, my dear!" she whispered. "And what a fool is Dick, to think that he can escape this inexorable devotion! He is certainly doomed to be the father of your children. . . ."

Across the room shrill voices struggled for supremacy. Glasses clinked. The piano crashed on like an invading army. Larry Sanville continued shouting for Potter, who had not appeared. Time slipped past and bottles began to look empty.

Isabel shut her mind like a box and decided to have a good time.

* * *

"But it's Sunday night, Larry," Isabel protested.

It was nine o'clock and the party had dwindled to about half a dozen couples and a few "stags."

"What matter?" Larry grinned fatuously, and tipped back upon his heels. "We're not going to any uptown robbers' den; it's the slums for us. Who cares if it's Sunday night?"

Who cared indeed?

The Alhambra was in its heyday when Isabel and her party drew in before a line of cars.

A blue light was shining in a dingy hallway. Sinister, Isabel thought it, as she followed Du Maurier and Susie down the staircase which gave upon a white-washed hall.

Smoke hung like a pall upon the scene before them, although not half of the glistening marble-topped tables ranged along the wall were filled.

"Dick . . ." Isabel felt her hand plucking at Du Maurier's sleeve. She could not control it. "I don't like this place. Let's go."

Susie's face, immaculately red and white beneath the round brown eyes, poked itself through a gathering haze. "Don't be a killjoy, Isabel. Come on. Larry has a table."

Slowly the room began to take shape before her eyes, the figures about her to assume definite forms, to attain volume.

A college youth with oiled hair and teeth parted in the middle, orgling a woman.

A tall, sinuous girl, gilt-haired, holding the hand of a sturdy black-haired woman in a tweed suit and crush hat.

"That type is indigenous to the place," Du Maurier said, interpreting Isabel's thought. "Those two are eternally here. And there—" he pointed to the girl who played the piano—"is the character who made the Alhambra famous."

Isabel saw that she was a rosy-faced girl, a miraculously small, elfin creature. "She looks like an angel from an old Italian canvas."

"A drug addict," Du Maurier said.

Isabel pointed out still another group. A tableful of dirty, intelligent-looking men, who drank sour red wine, talked noisily, and scribbled upon sheets of paper with extraordinary long red pencils.

"Members of a world-famous organization which deals with the occult," Du Maurier elucidated. "They are said to have peculiar and rather revolting rites. But no one has ever been able to prove anything. Rousillon scares them off."

"Rousillon?"

"Yes. Probably the greatest magician in the world. He's called 'The Prophet.' That man at the head of the table with the tangled reddish beard. A most uncanny fellow, really."

"You old scare-cat!" Susie accused, in a voice of indulgent contempt. She turned to Du Maurier, who was looking more than usually bored, and added: "I'd simply adore having my fortune told. Is he expensive?"

"Expensive?" Du Maurier stared. Then he burst out laughing. "My dear child, you don't mean Rousillon? But he isn't that kind of a fortune-teller. He never takes money, or does it professionally."

Susie lowered her eyes shrewdly. "Everyone has his price."

"Oh, you little fool," Cecil whispered sibilantly. "he's watching you. He's heard every word you said."

Isabel gasped: "Let's go. Oh . . . I know something is going to happen."

"Mademoiselle has reason."

It was the man with the reddish beard who spoke. The room fell silent at once. Rousillon, the soothsayer, fixed black beady eyes upon Susie, who squirmed.

"You will see, red-head," he spat out. "The evening will bring what you expect not."

Susie twitched, half rose, and then dropped into place with an insolent laugh. "You can't scare me, old nut," she said, "whoever you are. What do you want?"

"Of you, red-head, nothing." He waited, waited until the smoky atmosphere had absorbed the last echo of his words. Then, "Mademoiselle," he said to Isabel, "I would speak with you—alone."

Du Maurier whispered: "Sit still!" And his hand fell heavily upon Isabel's arm.

"It is of no avail, Monsieur." Rousillon's beady eyes never left Isabel's. "You see . . . she comes."

With locked eyes they moved across the room, Rousillon toward a curtained doorway, Isabel toward Rousillon.

"One moment." Du Maurier barred the Frenchman's way. "You must not leave this room. You understand. Ne quittez pas cette chambre."

There was a pause. A pause, while Isabel stood dazed; while Du Maurier and Rousillon regarded each other like two dogs across a bone. Then, "Monsieur need have no fear," quoth Rousillon the soothsayer, and drew back the curtain on its brass rings. "He may stand outside, if he will. I will not harm Mademoiselle." And, taking her by the hand, Rousillon led Isabel to a table beneath a high window and, drawing the curtain, sat down. Outside, Du Maurier stood like one spellbound, glued to the spot.

CHAPTER XIII.

A VISION

"What do you want?" Isabel looked about the small room, dark but for a light outside the high narrow window which threw a green reflection on the ceiling. "What did you wish to say?"

The great Rousillon shrugged. "A word of encouragement, only a word, to you, Mademoiselle, who have been struggling through the dark. I wish only that you believe what I say. Therefore I ask that you give me a test."

"My name." Isabel leaned tensely forward, gripping the cold marble edge of the table. "What is my name?"

"Rayburn, Mademoiselle. Daughter of that Rayburn who has done brave deeds, but will die like his woman in the bed. And after a fashion—by cause of you, Mademoiselle."

Isabel had shrunk back, her fingertips pressed against her throat. "It cannot be true," she muttered.

She could feel that Rousillon moved nearer to her. "I will swear it, then," said Rousillon softly. "In the name of the white leopard. Is that enough?"

There was no sound save the sound made by Isabel's deep breathing.

"Is it enough?" asked Rousillon.

"It is enough."

"Then be brave, Mademoiselle. Heed not the trial which awaits you tonight,

nor other trials. They will but make you strong. Let that thought which has been beating its dark wings in the depths of your mind be set free it will lead to Victory."

"Monsieur, I do not understand."

"Are you brave, Mademoiselle?"

"I . . . am not afraid."

"Then you shall see." Rousillon leaned forward in the half-light, and she heard a sound, as of sand poured on the table. "Look down, Mademoiselle, and do not move your eyes."

The sound of a scraping match. A thin flame which ran toward Isabel, along the table, following an unseen substance and igniting as it moved. A sheet of paper quite white, and a long red pencil.

"Do not move your eyes, Mademoiselle."

The pencil marked upon the white paper. Strange unfamiliar figures. Figures enclosed by a circle, figures separated into four parts by the four segments of a cross.

The thin blue flames ran round about the paper, paling as they ran. A faint sweet odour hung upon the air. The flames paled . . . paled . . . and were gone. A scented quiet was everywhere.

"Are you at peace?" whispered Rousillon.

"I am at peace," she said, mechanically.

"Then you may move your eyes."

She lifted them, with difficulty, and looked about. In the darkness she could perceive no sign of Rousillon.

"Monsieur," she whispered once.

There was no answer.

Now she saw that the green reflection had gone from the ceiling, and there was nothing left in the room but a dim opalescent glow, which changed distances oddly, in that now the room seemed larger, and now smaller, than before. A vague sleepiness, as of some potent and not unpleasant drug, came over Isabel, who looked out upon the interchanging gloom and shimmer accustoming her eyes to it. And as Isabel watched a figure seemed to take form, and the figure was all white, surrounded by a sort of incandescence, and it moved toward Isabel without seeming to walk, as the figures in dreams sometimes move. The eyes were deep, like the eyes of Du Maurier, and the curve of the lips resembled her own. And suddenly Isabel's heart filled with a torment of yearning, as though this white and silent form was something close and dear to her, and though she knew it was not flesh and blood, it seemed as though her touch might make it so.

But as she put out her hand to touch the figure it receded, beckoned.

Wherefore Isabel, still in the manner of a dream, which gives often a double personality, began to follow the figure, although she did not move from her place. And she followed it for a long way, seeing it always ahead of her like a spot of moonlight, and farther and farther she followed it, without coming to the walls of the room.

Then fell upon her ears a sound as of running water; dampness was all about her, and a thick winding darkness, and the white figure paused for a moment before, with a lingering slowness, it vanished into the earth.

When Isabel came to the place where the white form had vanished she saw, very far away, clear shining water. But of the white figure there was no sign.

Now the darkness had lifted still more, and Isabel saw that she was at the foot of a curious steep hill.

Then it seemed that a small voice—and where it came from, Isabel could not guess—directed her to the hill.

So Isabel set off around the base of the hill, hunting for a way that would be safe. There was but one safe place, and this was barred by a high gate. She put out her hand in the heavy stillness, and touched the lock.

Now, as Isabel touched the lock, a strange thing came to pass. There was a tolling and chiming of many bells. And this ringing seemed to come from within, not from without, until Isabel was filled up with a magnitude of sound, so that her knees beneath her grew weak and it was as though she swooned. . . .

She woke to see the curtain drawn back on its rings of brass and to hear her own voice saying: "I do not understand. I do not understand."

There was no sign of Rousillon, but Du Maurier was bending over her, and Susie Burnham was plucking at her arm while Susie's teeth chattered with fright.

"I'm quite all right," Isabel assured them.

"Then for God's sake come quickly!" cried Susie. "My father just got here, and if he finds me he'll kill me. Thank Heaven, there's another door to this room!"

Before she had a chance to reply, Isabel found herself pushed into a passage and propelled up a flight of stairs.

On the sidewalk in front of the Alhambra the little party gathered itself together for another spring into the city's Sunday night life. Of course, Isabel was assailed by a storm of questions, but she answered non-committally. Where to go next was a matter of greater, far greater moment.

"I know a nice little apartment up on Madison Avenue," suggested Larry Sanville, who had somehow gotten the idea that his first move was a tremendous success, "where we can have a quiet game of roulette."

"Private rooms?" inquired Susie sharply, with an apprehensive look behind her.

"Certainly. With all the commodities, includin' champagne."

"Let's go."

Finally the whole party was safely en route for Madison Avenue.

It was characteristic that in the general excitement not one of them noticed that a long grey touring-car detached itself from the line in front of the Alhambra, and followed at a safe distance, the taxi containing Susie, Isabel and Du Maurier.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TURN OF THE WHEEL

"That's nothing," protested Susie, gathering in a pile of five-dollar chips. "Just wait until I really get started."

The party had arrived without mishap—and without catching sight of the long grey touring-car which followed them—at a well-known gambling-house on Madison Avenue. Larry Sanville had given the password; in practically no time they were installed in a sublime version of the cabinet particulier; the green cover was swept from a wheel and board; Susie, in the face of an admiring audience, starred number seventeen with a hundred dollars' worth of chips—and won.

"I'll risk my last hundred thousand," grinned Sanville. "You comin' in, blue-eyes?"

Isabel shook her head. The emotions of her experience with Rousillon had worn off, and had been succeeded by a spiritual serenity which Isabel herself could scarcely comprehend.

"I'm the girl who put the 'roule' in 'roulette.'" A glittering hand swept the chips from a low number. "I always win."

Susie again. And what she said—what she said was true. Her luck was phenomenal. Already she was half hidden by neat stacks of red and white and blue chips. She played, moreover, like one in whom the gaming spirit has been born and bred: with a patient and implacable certainty. Her face was emotionless as the face of a clock; only her eyes gleamed out across the table: shrewd, suspicious, alert. Her eyes smiled, and echoed the words of her mouth: "I always win."

"I always lose," said Isabel.

"Same here." And Larry Sanville stuck his hands into empty pockets.

"Place your bets, ladies and gentlemen," said the man behind the wheel.

Rattle of chips. Isabel's eyes left the face of Du Maurier as she watched Susie starring eight; starring seventeen; covering the red.

"The game is closed, ladies and gentlemen. Nothing more goes."

The chatter ceased. There was a whirring sound.

Enormous tension. And then voices.

At the first sound Isabel knew instinctively what had happened. Susie's father had come.

Click. Click-click went the whirling ivory.

In the silence every sound was deafening. One could hear the voices, rising louder, louder, like rising winds.

A polite menial with a placating tone. Soft wind. But Susie's father screamed like a cyclone; his voice came rasping through the thick walls, shaming, inescapable. . . . "Hand me over the keys, d'ye hear? I'm going through till I find what I'm after."

For the first time that evening Susie raised her eyes from the table. The chips scattered and rolled everywhere, but Susie did not notice. Her eyes sought the face of Du Maurier, but it was shut against her. Then they turned to Isabel, and there they found pity.

"Isabel," she cried wildly, "I don't know what he'll do if he finds me. Help me, Isabel."

What was there for her to do?

"Go in and stop him! Talk to him for a moment. Tell him anything until he gets quieter."

Something pulled the door from the other side.

Isabel slipped quickly through and closed it behind her, hearing a voice call from the other side: "Number eight wins . . . number eight."

"Who are you, heh?"

With a shock that snatched her back to reality, Isabel saw a little black man with a nose and chin that almost met.

Susie's father, that was Susie's father.

The voice alone should have told her, she realized, what Isaac Burnham was. But it had not. Nothing had told her. And now, quite unexpectedly, she herself had come upon the truth. This was Susie's father! This little man.

"Who are you? What do you want?"

She wanted to say: "I came to learn the truth about my rival. I came to

learn what Susie really is." But gratitude for the great revelation guided Isabel's tongue. "I am Susie's friend," she faltered, and managed to utter her name.

"Waddo you want? Where's Suey? I want to take her out of this den."

"Susie was afraid. She asked me to come and talk to you first. It's really not as bad as it looks, you know. She's with nice people."

"Nice people, hell!" Isaac showed his teeth like a kicked mongrel. "Nice people don't bring good little girls to joints like this." His eyes met Isabel's, softened unwillingly. "You look like a decent sort of kid, and like you had a grain of sense in your bean, too. Waddo you let my baby come here for, if you're her friend? Waddare you doing here yourself, heh? You got a poppa?"

Isabel nodded.

"Waddo you think he'd say if he seen you here?"

Isabel visualized Adrian. "I—I don't think he'd mind," she said. "You see—he trusts me!"

"Well, I know women!" Isaac Burnham buried his hands in two deep pockets, and spread his legs apart. "I don't trust the best of 'em."

"Things like this aren't wrong unless you think they are, Mr. Burnham. We just went out for a lark . . . sight-seeing. None of us meant to do anything wrong. So please don't be too hard on Susie. I'd rather you blamed us."

"I do blame you—all of you!" cried Isaac, savagely. "I give up my girl and let her ma bring her to New York so's she could meet decener people, and all she meets is a bunch of lounge lizards that's after her jack and takes her to places like this." Then suddenly, "Oh, I guess you ain't altogether to blame, kiddy," he said. "Not if you got a poppa that don't care. And I guess you're a plucky girl, or you wouldn't of come in when Suey was scared. . . ." Isaac Burnham removed his hands from his pockets and flung them out in a gesture of racial philosophy. "Tell her to come along," he said. "Tell her the old man ain't sore, just turribel hurt and sorry, see? I want to take her out of all this. Tell her that, will you, heh?"

"Thank you," said Isabel, and added, to the complete mystification of Isaac Burnham: "You have told me something tonight . . . done me a favor which I can never repay. But if I ever have a chance to do you a good turn, I solemnly swear to take it."

The wheel was spinning again when she entered the room.

"Where is Susie?"

Cecil replied.

"She and Du Maurier toddled off just after you went in to her father."

Oddly enough, the sudden tears which stung Isabel's eyes were for Isaac rather than herself.

"Cecil," she whispered.

And Cecil was at her side.

But Isaac went as he had come, in a long grey touring-car, alone.

* * *

The affair of Rousillon, upon which Isabel the woman came to look with the awe and wonder accorded to such things, played curious tricks with the mind of Isabel the girl.

When, at breakfast, Cecil asked her to describe what she had seen, she could only start, rub her hand across her eyes, and vaguely shake her head.

They discussed the scene between Isaac and Isabel. Cecil—consumed with

curiosity concerning that man whose affairs were so closely linked with those of Harcourt Hutchinson & Vincennes—would have given much to share her secret with Isabel. She resolved to ask Cyril Harcourt's permission to retract the promise of silence.

Cecil rose briskly, eyes fixed on her wrist-watch. "I shall have to trot-trot to market," she said, thinking of the request she would make of Mr. Harcourt. "And tonight I'll have news for you."

Before noon Mrs. Fallon, the grey-haired elderly scrub-woman, arrived on her weekly visit.

"Polish," Isabel informed her father, "rhymes with 'demolish,' I'll let her do both in her own way. The place will get a thorough cleaning."

"Nonsense!" said Adrian, who was in an argumentative mood, "scrubwomen never clean. Besides, who cares? I hate super-cleanliness—it's so ignorant. Stiff and priggish—like Cecil."

"You seem vexed with Cecil, pupaw?"

"Oh, the deuce take her, and her lectures at the same time. I only hope there's an extra platform in heaven."

Isabel protested.

"It's not super righteousness with Cecil. I think it's only because she can't put herself in other people's places. Can't feel things in spirit that she has never felt in flesh. That's why she can't understand the way I feel—about Dick. Because she's never been in love." Isabel stole a glance at her father, and saw that he had relaxed into a listening pose. "I don't believe she's ever cared for anyone except you, and me. And Cyril Harcourt, of course."

"Not of course."

"What?"

"I said not of course. Why should Cyril Harcourt be of course?"

"Really, pupaw, one might think you were implying that Cecil was in love with C. H."

"You flatter me." Adrian drummed on the counter-pane with one mocking fingertip. "I lack the delicacy of implication. I state that Cecil is in love with Cyril Harcourt."

"Then you state nonsense." She added rudely: "Cecil tells me everything. She wouldn't come to you, and not to me."

"She hasn't come to me," Adrian amended, with rare patience. "I'm Sherlock Holmes, Junior. I deduced it. Now you'd better go."

Isabel apologized. She had been too quick.

Adrian snickered, but said indifferently: "On your way out, stop and see the janitress. My bell has been out of order for a fortnight." And so busy was Isabel speculating about her father that she quite forgot to see the janitress on her way out.

The fine weather kept. The sun rode high in the heavens, and a crisp wind blew out of the west. Isabel, walking up Fifth Avenue, drew buoyancy and vigor into her lungs with the fresh air and, watching the people she passed on her way, made idle speculations as to their lives and ambitions.

Her thoughts turned to Mrs. French. Mrs. French, that woman of vast and colorful experience! Like one in a dream, Isabel hailed a passing cab, jumped in, and gave the driver an address on West Fifty-ninth Street. Then, with a sigh, she sank back into the cushioned seat, and delivered herself to fate.

CHAPTER XV.

A BIT OF ADVICE

Susie Burnham turned a tear-wet face into her pillow, and wailed aloud in her remorse: "Oh, why did I do it? Why did I do it? Isabel will never forgive me, and she's the only person I care for."

Then the voice of Olive Burnham sounded close to the bed.

"You've put your foot in it this time, my girl," said Olive, and held out a telegram to her daughter.

Susie dried her eyes with a lace-edged handkerchief and, pushing the massed hair from her forehead, began to read.

Slowly the bright color left her cheeks.

"Oh, how horrid!" she finally cried, and crumpled up the yellow sheet. "How beastly unfair to take away my present because I tried to get one little evening's amusement! . . ." and flinging herself across the bed, she resumed her weeping with redoubled violence.

All during the morning the sound of weeping came from Susie's room, and at lunch-time Olive went across the street to Sherry's, where she put in a call to Philadelphia. Isaac had just returned to his office, and was in one of his more reasonable moods. After ten minutes Olive hung up the receiver and returned impassively to the apartment.

"I had another telegram," she lied, caressing Susie's hair. "Your father has reconsidered. He says you shall have the bracelet if you behave in the future. And also," Olive added, grudgingly enough, "he said to 'excuse yourself' to the little girl he saw last night . . . that aside from us she's the best friend you've got."

"Oh, I know it, mother, I know it!" cried Susie, smiling through her tears. "I'm going right out and send her the biggest bunch of orchids in New York."

Tightening her lips, Olive turned away.

"You never send me orchids," she said, in her old sarcastic manner. "But then I'm only your mother . . ."

* * *

Of her two daughters born to that bigoted New England landowner Stackpole Thackeray, Veronica, the younger and prettier, was the first to marry. At fifteen she had flirted childishly with Cyril Harcourt, and announced her intention of becoming his wife—"when they grew up." But a year later Geoffrey Warren French, who had made and gambled away and remade several good-sized fortunes, came to the Connecticut farm to see old Stackpole on business. When he returned to New York he took Veronica with him.

Veronica's enemies said that she had married an old reprobate for his money. Veronica's sister thought she had been swept off her feet in admiration of the great Geoffrey French, who had been the lover of kings' mistresses. But Cyril Harcourt knew only that the little girl whom he had loved was tied to a drunkard and a swine. They all agreed, with varying degrees of emotion, that it would end badly. And they were right.

However, Geoffrey French's sudden death put an end to the matter.

When a decent interval had elapsed, and the affairs of Geoffrey—who had left every penny to his dear wife—were settled, Cyril Harcourt again asked Veronica for her hand. That it was slight-

ly soiled he did not choose to notice. He said it meant nothing to him.

"But it means a great deal to me, Cyril," she asserted. "I've formed bad habits, and, what is worse, I like them." So his pleadings were vain. "I'm too fond of you to ruin your life, Cyril," she told him. "There is no hope. I will never change."

"Nor will I," Cyril Harcourt promised. "I will always be waiting."

And for twenty years he had kept his word, while Veronica grew wiser by far and no less lovely. Cyril was stubborn, too.

This was the woman to whom Isabel went for counsel.

Mrs. French received her niece in the Directoire drawing room of the little apartment where she lived with her maid and her Pekinese. It was here, with her back to the light, that Isabel sat and talked.

Mrs. French listened quietly, stroking the large silken ears of Ming, who slumbered on her knees.

At length Isabel had come to the end. Mrs. French smiled slowly.

"My dear child," she murmured, with her eyes bent upon Ming's glossy head, "I see that you have made the fatal error of falling in love with Richard . . . Du Maurier.

"You couldn't have chosen a worse person to fall in love with. You can't use the same sort of coquetry with Dick that would be effective with other men. It's all old stuff to him."

"I will be as patient as . . . as Griselda, I'll do anything."

"You'll probably have to."

Slowly the color came back into Isabel's face. "Do you . . . do you think I ought to take the aggressive part?" she asked abruptly. "Do you think woman is really the huntress?"

Mrs. French gave an almost malicious jerk to the ears of Ming who jumped off her lap and trotted, coughing crossly, to a distant corner of the room. "You aren't such an innocent babe after all!" she exclaimed. "Or else . . . who put that idea into your head?"

"Pupaw."

"Mm. . . . Well . . . I thought perhaps it was Du Maurier himself. It would be so like him to give you a hint." She was silent for a moment. "I think the woman is the huntress in spirit," she said presently. "But, to put the matter baldly, her method must be to trap, rather than to spear openly. The man must have the illusion that it is he who takes the initiative. Tell me more about this girl . . . this Susie person."

"She isn't malicious, or deliberate," Isabel tried to explain. "And she's so spoiled and helpless that it makes me feel guilty to do anything that would hurt her."

"You've said enough. I know the girl already. Now then, hark to my words of wisdom."

"I'm harking."

"And don't reproach me afterwards for being a nasty, cynical old woman."

"I shan't."

"Now, first of all, a question. Do you know any man with lots of money, and no prejudices against her type? He would have to be reasonably vulgar, of course, but that wouldn't matter if he were susceptible—and attractive."

"Well, I don't know where . . . unless"—and Isabel chuckled aloud—"you would like me to cultivate Mr. Wadsworth Silverstein."

Mrs. French wrinkled up her nose. "Who in the deuce is Wadsworth Silverstein?"

Isabel explained.

"That's your man, my dear. If he lacks a bit of veneer, it's up to you to polish him off before you introduce him to Miss—what is her name?"

"Burnham."

"Burnham? Didn't you say her father was a broker?"

"Yes, but you wouldn't know him. Firstly, he's from Philadelphia, and, secondly, he's—well, the name of his firm is Burnham & Levy."

There was silence for a moment.

"To get back to our subject," said Mrs. French. And she began to outline a plan, which after considerable argument, impressed Isabel with its possibilities. Veronica French slipped an arm about Isabel's shoulders. "Buck up, old girl," she advised. "Nothing is ever worth the trouble we go to to get it, but the effort is what makes life amusing."

In the outer hallway Isabel paused.

"There was a quotation you once showed me," she remarked, "and I'd like to know where it comes from." She repeated a line.

Mrs. French laughed for no calculable reason. "Tell the elevator to wait a moment," and she went back into the apartment. When she returned she held a book in her hand. "Here you are," she said. It's Lenox Madden's latest book, 'The Younger Generation.' Read it carefully. And be sure," she admonished, "to let me know what it tells you."

The elevator clanked to a stop.

"Good-bye," said Isabel, "and thanks again."

"You are quite welcome," her aunt replied graciously.

When the elevator had gone she closed the door quietly. "Hendrix," she called to her maid, "get Mr. Harcourt's secretary on the telephone. I wish to speak to her."

Cecil Acts Detective.

Cecil slammed the telephone on to the desk with unrepented fury. "Oh, that aunt of mine!" she brought out between clenched teeth. "Oh, the criminal dumbness of some people!"

"What's the row?" asked C. H. "Something about this Burnham and Levy business?"

"Yes, the man who followed us to the gambling-place was the Burnham in question." And Isabel had lunch with Veronica, and let out that fact. And the darned woman seems to think that because I know his daughter I can go up to the man and say, 'Here, you crook, hand me the ten thousand dollars that you stole from my aunt,' and get the money, too! She's such an aggravating person!"

"Oh, Veronica doesn't mean it," Mr. Harcourt soothed, and Cecil writhed inwardly at the tenderness in his voice. We are tied, Cecil. We haven't a leg to stand on as long as we are forbidden to act officially."

"But couldn't you go over to Philadelphia . . . see the district attorney? They'll be bound to trip themselves up sooner or later."

"Unless someone warns them, and they pull the great trump of all those fellows: transfer their assets into their wives' names, and file a petition in bankruptcy." Mr. Harcourt smiled, shook his head.

Cecil cut in impatiently. "I could go to Philadelphia myself, if you trusted me enough. But not as Cyril Harcourt's secretary, you understand. Simply as the niece of the injured Mrs. French, someone personally interested. Oh, C. H.," Cecil begged, "give me a chance."

A warm look of gratitude was her reward.

"You shall have your chance, my dear."

That was how it happened that later in the day, when Isabel asked Cecil what her bit of news was, Cecil replied coldly: "Nothing—except that I'm leaving at once for Philadelphia. . . ."

Meanwhile, Isabel was spared the humiliation of calling up Wadsworth Silverstein.

She did some shopping up town, and when she returned to the studio she found him there.

"I'm sure glad you arrived," he declared. Without further preliminaries he came to the point of his visit. "Look here," he asked. "Have you seen this fellow Potter in the last few days?"

"No. We expected him to join a party last night, but he didn't turn up. Wasn't he at work today?"

"He was not. And not on Saturday either. On Friday he blew in at about eleven forty-five, all lit up like the Metropolitan tower. I told him to go home, and I'd stop around and have words with him after business hours. Well, when I got to his place, the landlady said he hadn't been around there for a couple of days."

"What do you suppose has happened to him?"

Silverstein outlined his impressions, which were neither alarming to Isabel nor complimentary to Potter.

"I'm sorry it all happened," Isabel said.

Silverstein reached for his hat and coat. "Don't let it worry you," he advised. "Hope I haven't troubled you, but I thought you ought to know."

Isabel gathered up what courage she had. "Surely," she said, with a smile that startled Silverstein by its frank cordiality, "you won't leave me without having a cup of tea. I should be so . . . disappointed."

Like most disagreeable situations, this one was less alarming in fact than in fancy. Silverstein did not drink out of his saucer. On the contrary, his manners were charming, and when the first strained half hour was over, Isabel found, to her astonishment, that she was genuinely interested in this novel specimen of the genius Homo.

She intended to learn what she could about Silverstein, in order to forward the execution of her Aunt Veronica's plan.

Two knocks at the door resounded in swift succession, the first heralding the arrival of the orchids which Susie had promised earlier in the day, and which Isabel, with a rather mocking smile, pinned to her dress; the second announcing the unexpected arrival of Du Maurier and his cousin, Andrea Dartie.

Du Maurier had spent a restless night. He sensed that the part he had played at the gambling house was not a gallant one. Moreover, he had been disappointed in his expectations of Susie. They had arrived at the darkened apartment on Park Avenue at about the time Isabel was emerging from her illuminating encounter with Isaac Burnham.

Susie had not turned on the lights—she did not, she said, wish to wake up her mother. In the greenish sombreness her body had yielded itself to Du Maurier's embrace, inviting, conscious of its allure. He remembered her hair, filled with a confused odor of tobacco smoke mingled with expensive perfume—an odor that revolted his fastidiousness and awakened his passion. He had kissed her; she had confessed that she loved him, and he had wanted her little rounded body, wanted it sharply and poignantly for himself.

At home, in the still little room where Achilles rubbed against the knees of a tired and disgusted master, Du Maurier's thoughts had turned with something of regret, something of shame, to Isabel. And that afternoon, when he came to the studio, it was with an idea, vague, but none the less existent, of making amends. . . .

The sight of Silverstein pulled him up as a check-rein pulls up a fractious pony.

There was an awkward and dismal silence which even the exciting morsel of news about Stockbridge Potter failed to dissipate.

"He'll reappear before tomorrow night," Du Maurier predicted, his eyes flitting to the vast bouquet at Isabel's waist. "He won't miss Susie's dinner. By the way, there was a message from Susie—you were to bring your own man. She wants to have a few 'stags'."

Isabel felt her throat contracting—wondered vaguely whether she could force words upward and out through dry lips. Desire and diplomacy wrestled for supremacy.

"Why, how nice, Dick!" Isabel said. "Will you stop and pick me up on your way?"

Pause.

"So sorry," said Du Maurier, "but I promised Susie to go up early and help arrange the flowers."

White sparks of humiliation crossing the black cloud of despair. Then strength came back to Isabel in a flash.

With a shrug of rather humorous disappointment. "Spurned!" she laughed. She turned to Silverstein, beaming, almost pastorally shy. "I'd ask you," she said in a voice of nectar and ambrosia, "only you don't know the girl, and I couldn't bear another refusal."

"You wouldn't get one."

"No? Oh, would you really go? But how awfully sweet of you!" Isabel exclaimed, laying her hand on Silverstein's arm. "You put me into your debt—but I shall promise to pay it off giving you an excellent time."

"Judas . . ." thought Richard Du Maurier, seized by a complete revulsion. "If my sainted mother could see the people I'm getting in with, she'd turn in her grave."

Andrea Dartie, wise and self-possessed, slipped her arm through his. It's getting rather late. Dick has offered to convey me to my palatial residence on the other side of the square, so I think we'll be off."

Outside, crossing the bare space of grassless gardens and leafless trees which were the winter garments of Washington Square, Andrea said:

"Dick, you are a cad. If any man treated me as you have treated that child who adores you—"

"You'd know well enough what to do, Andrea. You are what is commonly known as a 'wise bird.'"

"Well, there are limits to selfishness, my friend."

"And you have discovered one of them?"

She laughed upward, into his face. "You are past master of the pleasant art of insult, Mr. Madden."

Du Maurier's hand closed rudely over her wrist. "Not Mr. Madden, if you please."

"Mademoiselle Griselda does not know who you are, then?" And she added, as he made a sharp negative gesture. "She has one of your novels in a conspicuous place on her table. 'The Younger Generation'—your latest, is it not?"

"My latest?" Du Maurier released his cousin's wrist, laughing softly down at her. "No. Not my latest. That is not quite complete, as yet. But when it is, Miss Rayburn will not have it on her table, for all that it is her own story, and"—the ring of triumph vibrated in his throat—"and my best, Andrea my very best."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FIRST STEP.

Du Maurier waited for Susie's party with the intention of passing final judgment upon his hostess and upon Isabel.

Before setting out he gave himself half an hour to review the past and prepare for the future. At one time, he could now confess, he had been very much in love with Isabel. When the desire to propose formally to Isabel had become too urgent, he had taken the precaution of—spending two weeks away from her at Hot Springs, and on the day of his return he had met Susie—Susie with her frank desire to please, her play upon ready sympathies, her blinding bonfire of hair.

Arriving early, perhaps for the first time in his career of dinners, Du Maurier found Susie waiting in the drawing-room. A sheath of green-blue metal cloth enclosed her plump body, and her fingers encircled a fan of peacock feathers with a golden handle. At sight of her, Du Maurier's resolute detachment was forgotten. He caught her in his arms, drawing her up against the stiff shirt-front, which made a hissing sound against her skin.

"Oh, don't, Du Maurier—my dress will be ruined!"

Upon the strident irritation of her rebuff, his ardor cooled as swiftly as a snuffed candle.

Released, Susie purred at him: "Aren't cross, are you, darling?"

Barbara opportunely announced Mr. and Mrs. Cheever, Larry Sanville, and his sister, Mrs. Dalgren. Du Maurier could not but smile at the crumbling of social barriers which permitted conservatives like the Dalgrens and the Cheevers, representing the most solid and most sober element of New York's baby aristocracy, to take up a rank outsider like Susie.

Barbara ushered in Mr. Wowse, followed by a round of cocktails. Barbara ushered in Miss Ruthie Vane and her four admirers, then a second round of cocktails. Du Maurier, mentally noting the impropriety of having odd men to dinner, walked to the window and looked downward fourteen stories to the lamplit street below. Looked until the visions that painted themselves upon the darkness became unbearable. Then he turned away, cursing the crumbling social barriers that allowed a girl like

Isabel to trust herself alone in a taxi with a manufacturer of superior suits.

He had lighted a dozen cigarettes and thrown them unsmoked into the fireplace when Isabel and her escort finally strolled in. For some reason that he would not analyze, Isabel's calm complacency annoyed and angered him. He was relieved when he found himself seated next to Susie, with Isabel and Silverstein at the other end of the table.

Isabel, already disappointed by the same arrangement of couples which had afforded Du Maurier relief, found her plans impeded by the very person she had chosen for their advancement. Silverstein, wary of making a wrong move, maintained an absolute silence, nor did he by word or action capture the smallest particle of the hostess' notice. Susie occupied herself with Du Maurier and with champagne. Silverstein watched her as though fascinated.

The dinner dragged on—with dancing to the tune of the player-piano after every course—and it was almost eleven when Susie, flushed and slightly tipsy, pushed back her chair and surveyed the table, littered with remnants of fire-crackers, favors, and food.

"Awful!" wailed Susie, who had a way of speaking of herself in the third person, after the third drink. Whereupon she seized a corner of the cloth, gave a mighty tug, and went down in a clatter of dishes and applause.

Du Maurier laughed with the rest and helped excavate Susie from under the debris, where she lay on her stomach with her face in a dish of ice cream.

"Look at your dress, now," he whispered, bending over her.

By way of answer Susie put her arms about his neck, swung clear of the floor, and pecked him on the chin, leaving a smudge of chocolate sauce.

Silverstein alone did not share in the general mirth, but leaned against the piano watching Susie with an expression which Isabel could not fathom.

"What's the matter?" she finally inquired, sotto voce. "Don't you like our hostess?"

"Like her?" Silverstein turned to Isabel, and she saw that his eyes, wells that they were of deep and sensuous emotion, had become widely dilated. "Like her?" Silverstein reiterated. "Girlie, I'm suffering from the psychoanalysts call love at first sight."

"Then why on earth don't you go and talk to her?"

Silverstein pursed up his lips. "Because I'm waiting for my opportunity."

At this moment Susie was heard to say: "We'll have to call a flock of taxis. Mother has the car."

Silverstein's opportunity had come.

"Say," he interrupted in his agreeable drawl, "as the novels put it—my Rolls-Royce waits below. It's only a little limousine, but I guess a few of us can pile in."

It could not be said that Susie ran to Silverstein's side. On the contrary, she walked; slowly, with a rolling and dignified gait. And, "Gee," she inquired genially, as she took Silverstein's arm, "where have you been all my life, anyway?"

* * *

"Cyr'l," said Mrs. French, "I believe you are the only man in Montmartre with tails on. You are so adorably old-fashioned, Cyr'l, so comme il faut. People are so like their clothes."

"In which case, wearing tails, I should be diabolic, which unfortunately I am not. You will have to find a better example."

"Well, there's Cecil with her tailored suit, and Richard Du Maurier who always wears an opera cloak."

"Oh . . . the chap that's been breaking little Isabel's heart? I don't know him."

"Indeed, Cyr'l, you do." Mrs. French glanced quickly about the crowded restaurant. "You surely haven't forgotten Courtney Madden's clever son?"

"But I thought Lenox Madden was writing novels."

"So he is," said Mrs. French. "And Richard Du Maurier collects the material for them." Mr. Harcourt started to ask another question, but she shook her head. "Not another word—look—"

Following the direction of her glance, Mr. Harcourt saw that a party was preparing to occupy a ringside table.

"You see," concluded Mrs. French, "we speak of the devil—and lo—he appears."

There was silence, while the strains of an exciting rhythm throbbed about them. Then:

"Do go out and call up your house, Cyr'l," begged Mrs. French. "I'm longing to know whether Cecil's telegram has come."

Mr. Harcourt rose, and Mrs. French beckoned to Isabel, who left the party and came to her. She found Isabel uncommunicative as to the success of their plan.

"At least," said Mrs. French, "you can tell me how Dick is taking it."

"He isn't taking it," replied Isabel. "He's leaving it alone."

"He's jealous."

"I don't think so," Isabel added.

Isabel returned to her party.

"Did you get your wire?" Mrs. French inquired as Mr. Harcourt seated himself beside her.

"I did indeed. Cecil has seen the district attorney, and it appears that other reports supplement ours. She says an investigation will be started at once. If we get our way in this, as we probably will, the credit is hers."

The music stopped. There was a sound of clapping and, in the brief silence that followed, a burst of shrill laughter.

"That young woman seems happy," Mr. Harcourt observed.

Mrs. French looked in the direction from which the sound had come. Susie was there, swaying in the arms of Richard Du Maurier, and caressing his shoulder with a hand that glittered with diamonds.

"Yes," said Mrs. French, slowly unfolding her fan. "She is happy tonight, poor child. But tomorrow—alas, Cyr'l, why must there always be a tomorrow?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN OVERHEARD CONVERSATION

At nine o'clock the next morning Isabel was on the job, but after unswathing the sketch, she realized that she was in no humor to work.

Five minutes later the key turned in the lock, and Cecil entered, looking tired and grimy. When Anastasie had taken the heavy pigskin bag into the bedroom to be unpacked, Cecil went to her father's apartment and looked in.

After a restless night, Adrian was even more disagreeable than usual, but added to his ill temper there was a lassitude altogether new, a more than ordinary desire to be left to his own devices. So, when Cecil looked in, she saw him lying back on the pillows, his eyes closed, and his face as nearly in repose as it ever was.

"Adrian," she whispered.

There was no answer.

On tiptoe Cecil returned to the studio, went to the telephone, and said to the operator: "Give me Rector ten thousand." After receiving two wrong numbers and being told that her party did not answer, she was connected with the offices of Harcourt, Hutchinson and Vincennes.

"Our Philadelphia friends," she told the senior partner, "will be arrested for bucketing before the week is up." There was a silence, then "No," said Cecil, "I've told nobody. Certainly not Isabel. She's very communicative these days; she might be tempted to warn Miss Susie Burnham of her father's situation, in which case . . . yes . . . All right, I'll be there within the hour." And she hung up the receiver.

Before leaving she took the precaution of looking at Adrian again. He still lay motionless, but a more minute inspection would have revealed that the glass at his side, full at Cecil's first visit, was now more than half empty. And was gone when Isabel came back.

Without bothering to take off her coat, Isabel hurried in to Adrian. He was sitting up.

"Has Cecil come in?" she asked.

"Yes, and gone out again."

"Did she have any news about her trip?"

"None—for me." Adrian showed no disposition to say more.

"For whom, then?"

"Her . . . employer. But then, he is the recipient of confidences not intended for the ears of . . . of the more immediate family, one might say."

"What do you mean, pupaw? You're so tantalizing with your evasions. What did she say? Anything that I ought to know?"

"Certainly not. Certainly not. She was most particular about keeping it from you. In fact, she said she expected you would run right off and tell the very people who ought not to know it. I mustn't tell you any more." Adrian leered beatifically. "It wouldn't be honorable."

"Pupaw," Isabel cried, in a voice that trembled in spite of her, "are you, or are you not, going to tell me the truth?"

"I believe I am. And I'll tell you why my pigeon. Because I believe it will be useful in the consummation of your own little love affair."

And, in proof of his statement, Adrian repeated Cecil's conversation with Mr. Harcourt, unchanged except for certain minor embellishments which are the reward of every raconteur."

"Do you mean to say that Cecil believed I would warn them?" Isabel was stupefied. "It's malicious!" Her voice trembled. "I'll find out." She wailed savagely. "I'll make it my business to find out. And if it's true, I'll do just what she feared. I'll pay my debt of gratitude to Isaac Burnham, and punish Cecil too. I will, I will!"

"That's right," commented Adrian placidly. "Kill two birds with one stone." But Isabel was already out of earshot, frantically ringing a plaza number, which Adrian recognized as that of Mrs. French. Evidently Isabel was not long in getting the desired corroboration. For hardly a moment later Adrian heard the outer door bang.

Susie was in bed when Isabel flung herself into the room and, bending over, cried excitedly: "Is your father in New York?"

"Why . . . yes . . . I think so. But, Isabel darling, what on earth is all the excitement about?"

"Never mind what it's about," Isabel put in curtly. "You'll know in good time. Tell me the address of your father's office, and stay here until you hear from one of the two of us."

Unwilling to abandon her newly awakened curiosity, yet unable to resist the authority of Isabel's tone, Susie grudgingly obeyed. Almost before the words were out of her mouth, Isabel had vanished.

On the way down to Nassau Street in the taxicab, much of Isabel's divine ardor cooled. But again and again the memory of Cecil's supposed injustice returned to give her new strength, new rage, new decision.

Nevertheless, it was a frightened and extremely nervous young woman who went into the small first-floor office under the sign "Direct Wire" which had once attracted Veronica French.

Inside there was pandemonium. Around the ticker a group of greasy men in shirt-sleeves stood chewing the butts of their cigars, and growling. The windows were all tightly closed, and the place reeked of stale tobacco, and sweat, so that a wave of sheer nausea kept Isabel swaying, for an instant, in the doorway.

Several men turned and grinned at her. One of them, a hippopotamus with three days' growth of beard and no collar, said: "Vell, keed, vot do ya vant, huh?"

"I want to see Mr. Isaac Burnham," said Isabel, in an almost inaudible voice. "Is he here?"

"Vait, and I'll see." The man went past her to a door labelled "Private," poked in his head, and shouted: "Hey, Ike, here's a laity to see you."

Isabel heard the reply: "What the hell for?"

"I should know so much," said the large man, and withdrew his head, to inquire of Isabel, with an ambiguous wink: "Vot's your business—he vants you should tell me. Poisonal, huh?"

With a last spurt of courage, Isabel pushed him aside; found herself in a small close office, with the father of her friend.

The light was dim. For an instant the man with his feet on the desk stared, then, all of a piece, he got up.

"You!" he cried, and Isabel thought he sounded frightened. "Whassamatter? Anything wrong with Suey?"

"No." Isabel began to feel calmer. "No. I came to see you . . . on business. I once said that if I ever had a chance to do you a good turn I would."

"Now," he said kindly, "what did you want to tell me. Spit it out, youngster. Don't be afraid."

"I'm not afraid. It is you who have something to fear, Mr. Burnham. I have come to tell you that I discovered—quite accidentally—that within the week you and your partner will be arrested on a charge of bucketing."

Isaac, jumping up, seized her arms.

"Say, you," he squealed, "don't you go spreading any such lying rumors."

With a shudder of repulsion Isabel freed herself.

"You may count on my discretion," she said coldly. "And I hope, equally, that I may count on yours. Good morning, Mr. Burnham," and with her nose in the air and a flaming color on her cheeks, Isabel went out of the stinking office, into the sweet air of winter.

Presently Isaac pounded a bell on his desk, simultaneously yelling: "Hey, Willie . . . Willie Rabinowitz . . . come on, you loafer, get a move on . . ." And when his double summons was answered: "You, Willie, you do what I say now. Shake a leg. You get up to my wife's place up there on Park Avenue . . . drive my car up, you see, and you bring the Missus and my girl down here. Don't come back without 'em, d'ye hear?"

Evidently Willie did. For after a time the outer door opened, and Olive Burnham, in a black tailored suit, with a scarf of silver fox about her throat, came in, followed by a still sleepy daughter.

"Sit down," said the head of the family. "I got a serious matter to talk about to you."

CHAPTER XIX.

BROKEN BUBBLES.

"I fancied as much," said Olive, stifling a yawn with a carefully white-gloved hand. "Do proceed. Is it true that you are a crook?"

Isaac scrutinized her for a while. "I guess you can stand it," he said, philosophically. "It is true."

"I am not astonished. And just what does it mean?"

"It means," Isaac ground out, smashing his hands down on the desk, "that at best I'll lose every nickel and go to the jug too. See?"

"And pray," inquired Olive, with admirable self-control, "what is to become of your wife and daughter if you pay the penalty for your crimes?"

"There's still a chance. It ain't much, and it ain't sure. But it's a chance worth gambling on. My assets, which ought to be somewhere around two hundred and twenty thousand bucks, is about seventy-five grand. If I can raise enough money to fill in—if I can do it quick—there's a chance to give those legal fellows the slip. Just a chance, mind you. The market, curse it, is soaring every minute, and if we're called on to deliver certain stocks—well—we're caught short, and done in."

"Pretty," said Olive. "Very pretty indeed." She drew her scarf more closely about her. "And what is this chance of which you speak? This slender chance?"

"You got jewels worth two hundred and fifty thousand between the two of you. That means that in a pinch . . . say, between now and tomorrow morning I could probably raise about a hundred and thirty. Mebbe less. So that's it. Now—how about it? Going to come across?"

For all the movement she made, Olive might have been Lot's wife after she had turned to look at Sodom and Gomorrah. But Susie, little red-haired Susie, flung herself across the room, stripping off rings and jewelled bracelets as she went, and crying: "Yes, daddy. Oh, yes. How could you even ask? Of course everything's yours, daddy, and the business will be saved, won't it? And everything will be wonderful, won't it, daddy darling?"

"I hope to God it will!" cried poor Isaac, in a voice shaken with gratitude and amazement.

Susie quietly unclasped the pearls from about her neck. Glowing like lovely living things, they fell into her cupped, extended hands.

Then it was that Olive, the immobile, came back to life. "Stop it, you little fool!" she screamed. "You don't know what you're doing. Slender chance, indeed. And if it fails, are we expected to starve in the streets?" Pushing Susie behind her, she faced her husband, a fury unchained. "And you—you dirty scoundrel!" she gasped. "Wanting to take away your baby's jewels for your own selfish ends!"

"It was to save the business!" Isaac shouted at her. "To save us all, you madwoman!"

"To save your own neck, you mean. To—to—to—to—to take with you when you beat it for a foreign country." She veered about. "Susannah, put on your rings . . . and let us leave the lair of this viper who calls himself a man . . ."

Left alone, Isaac Burnham sat with his head bowed, and his hands limply at his side. After a time Willie Rabinowitz came and touched his shoulder, saying gently: "Say boss, you ain't had any luncheon. Can't I get you a san'wich?"

As if this unexpected touch of kindness was too much for him to bear, Isaac put his head upon the desk, and sobbed.

* * *

Thursday.

Richard Du Maurier entered the ancient offices of an ancient publishing house.

The girl behind a maple desk near the entrance greeted Du Maurier by name . . . but not by the name of Du Maurier.

"Whom do you wish to see, Mr. Madden?" she asked politely.

He told her, and after a time found himself comfortably seated in one of the fenced enclosures. A little man in a morning coat, who looked like an unusually intelligent crow, greeted him cordially.

"Well, Dick," he said, "have you anything for us?"

"Nothing today," laughed Du Maurier. "But I came to tell you that I've almost finished the new novel . . . a corker, if I say so myself."

"Tell me about the opus."

"It's based on fact, for one thing, and you might be sued for libel in case of publication, if it were not for the fact that the young woman upon whose emotions I have drawn for much valuable material does not belong to the suing class. I have called it 'The Eternal Huntress.'"

"When will you be ready to show us the new book?"

"It's at the typist's now. I'll have it back tonight; tomorrow I'll edit it; and on Monday morning I will offer it for your perusal."

"Excellent, my boy. We always need good stuff. And although I think you receive altogether too many compliments as it is, I must tell you that I agree with the critic who called you one of the few men in America who write English."

Both men arose, and shook hands.

"By the way," Du Maurier said, "I am reduced to riding in the subway. If you have a morning paper about. I should like to borrow it to read on my way up-town."

The Crow provided Du Maurier with a copy of the "Times," and Du Maurier departed.

There were not many people riding up-town at that time of the morning, and he was able to unfold his paper, and go through it at his ease. On the second page a heading caught his eye—one of those glaring scandals of which the papers were full these days. The headline read: "Broker Accused of Bucketing Absconds with Firm's Ass'ts." It went on to explain that the police were hunting for one Isaac Burnham, who had been missing, along with assets to the tune of about sixty thousand dollars since the previous afternoon. Beneath, in smaller letters, it said: "Wife and Daughter of Absconding Broker Left with Nothing but Debts."

Du Maurier, shaken out of his indifference into a pity that number him with its violence, left the train at Grand Central, and made his way up Park Avenue.

In the Burnham apartment confusion reigned. Du Maurier, with difficulty convincing a much excited Barbara that he was not a reporter, was given access to the drawing-room. There Susie was alone.

She was not crying when he saw her, but came to him as might a queen, dry-eyed, with hands outstretched.

"You know?" she asked. He nodded. She, bravely attempting to smile, said: "You are the first to come to me. . . . And I . . . I did you an injustice, Dick Du Maurier. I thought you'd be the first to turn away from poor penniless Susie."

"We all attempt to stand by our friends when they are in trouble," he said with some embarrassment. "I may be the first, but believe me, others will follow. You have had too little confidence in our loyalty."

He took her hands, again beringed, and pressed them to his lips.

"Confidence!" she mocked. "Confidence and loyalty! Oh, my God! How is one to have faith when one's own father—one's dearly beloved father . . ."

They sat down.

Du Maurier, preserving sense—or cowardice—enough to wish to hear some sort of story before making a formal proposal of marriage, listened to the endless list of grievances.

He realized that Susie was on the verge of hysterics. With swift action attributed to the very great, he gathered her into his arms, compunction almost overwhelming him. Once more that violent, hateful pity tore at his breast, where he cradled Susie like an infant, rocking, soothing, endearing.

Anon she raised a wet and agonized face to be mopped off with a pocket handkerchief. Her tantrum had left her spent, exhausted, so weak it was an effort to make an incoherent whisper. Grubbing about like a pig among acorns, Du Maurier succeeded in locating a bottle of whiskey. Withdrawing from the odor, which he abhorred, he poured out a stout drink, and almost fed it to Susie. Presently a little color came into her pale cheeks, and she asked weakly for another. After that she felt a little better, and after a third, although Du Maurier begged her to be quiet, she resumed the talk about her own frightful misfortunes.

Her conversational effort tired her considerably; more drinks were found necessary to sustain her in her sorrow. For a while she became cheered, optimistic, affectionate, almost buoyant. For some time the aching pity had ceased clutching at Du Maurier's heart. And now, with his customary detachment beginning to reassert itself, he was being forced toward a disagreeable admission. Susie was rapidly getting drunk. In fact a less charitable person might have said that Susie already was very drunk indeed.

It will never be known with what relief Du Maurier greeted the sound of the door-bell, and the subsequent arrival of Wadsworth Silverstein, armed with American Beauty roses in a receptacle from which the stems protruded almost two feet.

Du Maurier rose precipitously; he welcomed Silverstein with something so like effusion that the younger man stared in wide-eyed wonder.

"You are just in time, just in the nick of time!" exclaimed Du Maurier. "I have a very important engagement, excessively important, I might really say urgent." And he shook Silverstein's hand so violently, as almost to sever it from the wrist. "Perhaps, also," he remarked, after taking a farewell from Susie to which she did not pay the slightest attention, "you will be a more successful comforter than I have been. I have great confidence in your ability as a comforter, great confidence," and with this final word of encouragement, Du Maurier made his escape.

CHAPTER XX. BACK TO ISABEL.

Cecil had gone back to Philadelphia, accompanied this time by the junior partner of Harcourt, Hutchinson & Vincennes, to see whether anything at all could be done about the Burnham business.

Anastasie was taking her customary Friday off. Adrian was sullen. He wanted to be left alone with his bottle of whisky and his morbid thoughts. So Isabel stood alone in the empty studio, looking out of the north window upon light mist and sweetly tempered sunshine. She was profoundly discouraged. With work, with love, with life, with everything.

A sharp rapping aroused her from her reverie. She called "Come in." Though she evinced little surprise when Du Maurier entered, she was seized with a sort of claustrophobia; she felt that she was about to suffocate; the walls and ceiling of the room folded inward, upon her. "Good morning," she said in an ordinary voice.

Du Maurier stood out against a black gap of unlit hallway, immaculate as always, a gardenia stuck in his buttonhole.

With a feeling of anguished and tormented joy, Isabel knew that her lover was returned.

"Good morning," he answered, closing the door behind him, and beginning to strip off his grey suede gloves. "All by yourself?"

"Yes. Cecil has come to Philadelphia to see what can be done about this wretched Burnham affair. I am overjoyed to have you interrupt the important business of wondering whether it will snow."

Thus the lover's reunion . . .

"Won't snow," promised Du Maurier optimistically, "because I have just gotten my roadster from the shop, and I am taking it out for exercise."

"Where are you going?" she asked, her voice sounding befuddled.

"Didn't you know I was landed gentry? I have a country estate. It has three bedrooms; a living-room; two store-rooms, one for fishing-rods and one for old letters; a bath; and a kitchen. It is in the middle of a marsh on the south shore of Long Island, and as marshes are inclined to be damp it probably needs a coat of paint. I'm going out to see, because I intend to occupy it this summer."

Isabel looked up after an interminable wait. "Is it very far?"

"Good three and a half hours' ride. It's nine country miles from the nearest village. Coming along?"

Isabel hesitated for an instant, thinking of Adrian left alone. But, after all, he would not let her stay with him if she were there. And besides, she remembered only too well the old adage about opportunity knocking but once. She could not afford to deny an answer. "You just watch me!" she cried, and skipped toward the bedroom, her lips revealing an unexpected dimple in either cheek.

Ten minutes later she was freshly clothed from her white silk chemise to the little fur toque that was pulled far down over her ears.

When she went in to say good-bye to Adrian, he looked at her with cynical amusement. "You wear the sacrificial robes, I see," he said. "Where is the altar?"

Briefly she explained Du Maurier's proposed excursion to the country. "Good!" cried Adrian. "If you can only manage to get stuck there overnight, you'll have your way before morning." And with this suggestion, he bade farewell to Isabel.

As for Du Maurier, he limited his remarks to the suggestion that she change her sheer gray silk stockings and high-heeled patent leather slippers to something more practical for rural use. Whereupon Isabel, convinced that her appearance delighted him, remarked that she would freeze before she would change.

"You'll probably freeze before you have a chance to," Du Maurier prophesied as he helped her into a long squirrel wrap. "But I am forced to confess that there is something deliciously naughty about little silk ankles under a big cape. My friend, who is waiting in the car, will undoubtedly admire you enormously."

Isabel's heart sank with a thud, but outside, when she saw the friend, she burst out laughing.

"This is Achilles," announced Du Maurier.

They climbed into the car, and Du Maurier put the dog on Isabel's lap.

Du Maurier threw in the clutch, the roadster snorted responsively, and they were off, started upon the greatest adventure Isabel was ever to know.

"This seems like old times," said Du Maurier tentatively.

A little, dumb nod. The car sped on, ever on. "Wack-awack-wack . . ."

"We'll stop somewhere and have a bite of lunch. Another hour and we turn into the Marsh."

Two hours . . . they had been driving for more than two hours.

"Here we are! Jump out. Legs stiff?"

"Sort of."

They had stopped before a sad dishevelled-looking roadhouse.

"Have to take the key," Du Maurier remarked as they uncramped themselves. "Couldn't afford to be stranded here without a car, could we?"

Isabel, reminded of Adrian's parting words, replied practically: "Is the key so important? Can't you start a car anyway? . . ."

"Not this one," Du Maurier informed her with fatherly pride.

They left Achilles in the car and ascended the groaning steps. A man in blue overalls brought them luncheon—lamb stew and steaming coffee.

Then something happened. As they went out on the porch a handsome bare-headed girl ran up the path. "Hello, Dick," she cried—and stopped, flushing to the roots of her corn-flax hair.

Du Maurier greeted her amiably enough—he called her Charity. And he and Isabel went their way. But Isabel's peace was spoiled. She knew that she must hold her man; that at all costs she must bind him with some irrevocable bond. "If you can only manage to get stuck there overnight . . . you'll have your way before morning." That was what Adrian had said.

As he opened the door of the car, Du Maurier saw the look in Isabel's eyes, and before it he was suddenly silent.

"I don't know that we should go on," pronounced Du Maurier with a mistrustful glance at the heavens. "Looks like snow, and the marshes are impassable when it's snowing."

Isabel's heart leaped.

"Oh, go on, go on!" she cried impatiently. "Now that we've come this far, it would be a shame to turn back."

"Very well, dearest," agreed Du Maurier. "On it is."

The road wound in, out, over shaky board bridges, through ice-filled crevices, threading the body of the marsh, all veined, at it was, with silver strands of the sea.

Du Maurier twisted the steering-wheel vigorously back and forth, staring straight ahead. "It's too late to turn her back," he explained. "I'm afraid of snow."

Even as he spoke they crossed a bridge and, swinging to the left, passed a clump of gnarled oak-trees. The turn revealed, at a distance of several hundred feet, the object of their journey, a small slate-roofed brick cottage.

"Oh!" gasped Isabel. "It's like a dream come true. It is a dream come true."

"Yes," said Du Maurier, "the dream of a rather sober ancestor, who did not mind mosquitoes." He added, in a tone which betrayed his appreciation of her compliment: "Wait till you see the inside. Then judge. We'll have to jump out here. As you can see, there is no more road."

He parked the car in the shelter of a great, twisted oak with spatulate branches, and hurried ahead to unlock the door and bid his guest welcome. Isabel watched him, as, followed by Achilles, he walked up the narrow flagged path to the cottage, tall and straight and proud. As she watched him she knew that it was her man who went there, her own man, the only mate she would ever know.

As she got out of the car she took the key to the motor and, looking at the house to make sure she was unobserved, dropped it into her purse. When she rejoined Du Maurier at the cottage, he saw that the queer look was in her eyes again.

And, for the second time, he was silent.

CHAPTER XXI. THE LOST KEY.

From the entrance hall, Isabel had followed Du Maurier into a square room which shared with the kitchen the ground floor of the house, and afforded, through a threefold bay window, a view of marsh and sea. Here well-filled open bookcases lined the walls. In one corner stood a grandfather's clock.

"Now for a fire," said Du Maurier. "The house is like an icebox. There is kindling here." He pointed to a rush basket filled with logs and bundles of twigs, tied together with marsh grass. "You might run into the pantry and see if you can find some tea. Later we'll make the rounds and see what needs fixing."

In the kitchen Isabel found an assortment of provisions, but almost immediately her preparations were interrupted by Du Maurier.

"Damn it," he shouted, "it's beginning to snow." He dropped his bundle of kindling-wood in the middle of the rug, and commanded: "Put the kettle down anywhere and get your coat. We haven't a minute to lose."

Isabel's heart beat a little faster, but without a word she slipped into her coat, and whistled for Achilles, who had wandered into the upper regions of the cottage, and characteristically settled himself to sleep. By the time she had located him and, failing at persuasion, carried his squirming body down the stairs, it was snowing in earnest.

She met Du Maurier coming up the flagged walk. "Let's have the key to the car," he called.

"The key to the car?" She opened her eyes very wide. "Why, Dick . . . I thought you took it."

Du Maurier glanced at her sharply. "Better make sure you haven't it. The old bug won't start without. . ."

"It can't just disappear," Isabel unnecessarily averred, making pretence of searching in her bag. "Did you look in all your pockets . . . and . . . in the seat? It must be somewhere."

"So it must."

A little chill of fright prickled her spine.

"We . . . that is . . . we had better look again," she said, hoping her nervousness would be attributed to fear of being marooned.

"Yes, we had better look again," echoed Du Maurier.

They did. In vain, of course. Meanwhile, the snow thickened, driven in flurries by the wind. Achilles had gone, tail pendant, back toward the cottage.

"It looks as though we'll have to follow his example," said Du Maurier.

"Isn't there a wire or something—that you can adjust?"

"No—I thought I told you—I had a special lock made, after my last car was stolen."

His sally was received by a weak laugh. Isabel rubbed the snow off her face and supposed, faintly, they would have to walk.

"We can't walk, Isabel. It's the key or nothing." Again she felt his eyes upon her, searching.

"But, Dick . . ." Business of clutching his arm, located with difficulty in the blinding dance of the snow. "We'll have to walk. You must understand. . . why. . . we'll simply have to . . ."

"We'll have to stay right here, until the storm stops. It's suicide to try to walk . . ." and he checked a move on her part with a peremptory grip.

"Is there a telephone?" she asked, finally. "I suppose we can get some charitable soul to come and salvage us."

"Telephone's disconnected."

"There's nothing else to do?" she asked, trying to keep the tremor from her voice. "We'll have to stay. . . ?"

"Yes," said Du Maurier, "we'll have to stay."

Hand in hand they moved up the flagged path, Isabel feeling like a desperado, yet suddenly afraid.

"No lights either," he remarked, as the door closed finally behind them, "except candles, of course. That's a fetish of mine you know. Candlelight."

"Well," Isabel observed philosophically, "I had better return to my tea." She added: "It's some consolation to know that I'll have time to make biscuits. And there is jam on the shelf."

"I think you will find canned vegetables, too," said Du Maurier, looking down at her. "I'm sorry this happened, Isabel."

"I'm sorry too," she lied, bowing her head.

He lifted her face with a hand under her chin. "Say it's not my fault, Isabel, and that you aren't . . . angry at me?"

Almost inaudibly: "I know it's not your fault," she whispered. "And . . . I'm not angry . . . of course."

* * *

Outside, the snow fell softly, like padded footsteps.

At seven o'clock they sat down to a impromptu supper. Between them there passed no single word of the exigency that enforced their domestic bliss. Like husband and wife they bandied trivialities in the candlelight. They were affectionate and gay, but underneath the surface of their banter a certain tense expectancy ran like a liquid flame.

After supper Isabel cleared off the table, poured water heated on the stove into the sink, and applied herself to the business of dish-washing.

Anon she joined him. She stood behind the couch looking down at Du Maurier as he watched the leaping fire.

Then, without disturbing the peace of conversation, she walked to the bookshelves and began to look about.

"You have some fascinating books," she said at last. "What is this shelf? . . . all sorts of books on magic, and folklore, and . . . why, some of them are in Latin, Dick. Are you so horribly erudite?"

He walked over, balancing a cigarette between his fingers. "The prize of all of them," he observed, tapping the white calf back of a certain book, "is in plain English. The author's name was Andronomy, Luther Andronomy. He died penniless and outcast about twenty years ago. His book, the work of a lifetime, was banned by our holy Catholic Church—"

"Our? Surely, Du Maurier, you are not—"

"I am. I adhere to the most pagan and picturesque of modern religions."

"I don't think I shall ever understand you, Dick," sighed Isabel. "Unless—not even if—I learn all about your antecedents, which, of course, I never will."

"Why don't you try asking, little owl? Don't you remember, 'Seek and ye shall find'?"

Isabel stared, questioning his sincerity. She perceived that he was quite in earnest.

"Tell me," she pointed to the painting over the fire-place, "about your ancestor . . . Madame or was it Mademoiselle?—du Lac."

"Madame," Du Maurier replied. "Before she married, her name was Du Maurier. She is the ancestress through whom Andrea Dartie and I claim relationship. My mother, a Lenox, from Lenox, Massachusetts."

Isabel, who had been aroused, controlled herself sufficiently to ask: "Are . . . your parents dead?"

"To all intents and purposes," said Du Maurier. "Mind if I smoke a pipe?" Isabel made a negative gesture, and when he had filled the shining brown bowl with tobacco, Du Maurier resumed: "I am the only romantic member of an otherwise normal family." Du Maurier halted, and then, as one who throws discretion to the winds: "As you suggested long ago, my dear," he said, "my mystery is not an actual one. Like certain noble creatures who live at the bottom of the sea, I have builded me a home upon my back, and I carry it wherever I go."

"Like Mary and her little lamb," suggested Isabel.

Du Maurier realized, as men at crucial moments rarely do, that he was about to commit himself irrevocably.

"My name," he said, "is not Du Maurier, but—"

"Lenox Madden!" Isabel cried out. Amused at the expression of his face. "O, Dick, my Dick," she chuckled. "I should have known. When I read 'The Younger Generation,' I kept on thinking how many of your lines you'd stolen from it . . . and I never guessed." She took his hands and looked into his face. "Why was it such a secret, Dick?"

"Because—the answer is involved with—" he paused, seeking the right word—"a complex, really. You see I like to be mysterious. Besides, I wanted to write—to write real people."

Isabel broke in: "I knew when I read that book that the heroine was Cynthia,

it she would choke you if she knew you wrote it, wouldn't she?"

He shrugged. "Very few people knew my secret when I came back from the war. Andrea Dartie, and Veronica French, and Andrea's husband, of course. Then there were the ones like Cyril Harcourt and my publishers, who knew Madden but not Du Maurier."

Isabel looked up. "You might have told me, Dick," she whispered.

"I almost did—once. That night when you wore rubies . . ."

Abruptly, as though afraid of the distance he had travelled unawares, Du Maurier swung back to the bookcase. "We've forgotten Luther Andronomy," he said. "You'll want to see him."

"Do let me have it for a moment. And Isabel, interested in spite of herself, reached for the book. Du Maurier let her take it to the fire and watched her as she turned the pages.

On page 465, under the letter L, Isabel found the following passage:

"The superstitions, so prevalent in Europe during the Tenth, Eleventh and Twelfth Century, having to do with the appearance in dreams of a White Leopard, supposedly originated in a native tribe of South Africa. The White Leopard, originally symbolizing the instinct for motherhood owed its importance to the intimation of racial increase, and thus appealed to the desire for conquest. It was customary to sacrifice the fathers of brides upon the altar, in the belief that the father's soul would pass into his daughter's body, thus causing her to give birth to a son.

CHAPTER XXII

A PREDICTION COME TRUE.

The room was silent as a tomb.

Isabel let the book slip from her hands and heard the beating of her heart. The memory of Rousillon flashed through her mind like a nightmare, followed by the thought of Adrian . . . alone.

"What is it, Isabel?" Du Maurier was at her side, holding her shuddering body in his arms.

"I'm frightened, Dick, terribly frightened. That book—" She bit her under lip, but finally burst out. "I shouldn't have left father all alone. If anything should happen—"

"But you couldn't help this, could you?" She made no answer to the question, only shivered, and, "Don't be a child," he said. "Forget about it."

They sat together listening to the clock, the crackling flames, the whistling of the wind. But the spell of peace was broken.

"I think I'll go upstairs," said Isabel, at length. Her tone was weary and discouraged. "A little sleep—"

"Would do you good," Du Maurier concluded for her. "Better take the first room on the right. The beds are made, at any rate. I always leave them that way."

"Thanks." She took up the candlestick and moved away.

Du Maurier, flinging the rare and precious volume from him, sat moodily upon the couch. Many moments passed in deep thought and then Du Maurier grew conscious of a sound, and looking up saw Isabel beside him. The grey fur coat was drawn close about her and stopped at the knees; above the high-

heeled patent leather shoes her legs were bare. So, in his dreams, he might have found her.

"Dick," she said, and stood clutching her coat. "I was afraid alone, Dick. And so—and so I came to you."

She dropped beside him; the grey fur brushed against his cheek.

Slowly he kissed her. Then, holding her by the shoulders, looked steadfastly into her eyes, wide and dilated now, wet with the tremulous and eager fright of passion-swept virginity.

The fire was burned to embers. Only a fitful local glow about the hearth saved the still room from total darkness.

Isabel, opening her eyes, looked about, knowing she had not moved since that first kiss, yet sensing some change in all about her. The darkness gathered. A sense of sleepy thickness weighed upon her eyes. She wondered where she was.

A hand was clasped in hers.

"Rousillon?" she whispered.

And then with an abrupt sense of her own stupidity, knew that it was Du Maurier whose hand she held.

Upon a stillness as of slumber, the voice of Du Maurier broke in. "My dear, my dear," whispered Du Maurier.

Then Isabel knew that their dreams had been one, and there was a song of gladness in her heart.

And in this hour of Isabel's triumph, Du Maurier put his hand against her breast, and whispered gravely: "I love you, Isabel. I want you for my wife. I want you always . . ."

Outside, the snow fell softly like padded footsteps.

* * *

The brevity of Cecil's trip was exceeded only by its fruitlessness. A dozen others, having gone to Philadelphia for a purpose similar to hers, had stood about exchanging grievances in the lobby of the Bellevue-Stratford, and outside the District Attorney's office. Late in the afternoon had come a rumour that Isaac Burnham had returned; would pay his debts in full. One newspaper hinted that the good angel was a suitor of Isaac's daughter, and Cecil suspected shrewdly that the mantle fitted Silverstein. But as there was no further news forthcoming, so she took an evening train back to New York.

It was nearly midnight when she got in, but knowing that Cyril Harcourt was in the habit of reading late before an open fire, she took a cab directly to his house. There would be great relief in pouring out her troubles in her employer's sympathetic ear, and she longed for the balm of his patient philosophy. But when she arrived a yawning butler said that Mr. Harcourt had left at tea-time in Mrs. French's car; nor could he tell what time his master would return.

With the sting of jealousy exaggerating her depression, Cecil went home. The studio was dark, and she collided with malicious corners as she hunted for the lamp. In the empty bedroom the covers were not turned down; that meant that Anastasie had not returned. Cecil—who had secretly counted on a cup of steaming coffee, but was too tired to get it for herself—reflected irritably on the faults of mankind in general, and of Isabel in particular. What business had the silly kid in going out . . . in leaving Adrian alone?

Cecil crossed the studio and tapped gently at her father's door. There was no answer, and cautiously she pushed it open. A reading-lamp shed a green glow over tumbled covers and cushions. The bed was empty.

Cecil slipped into the room, only to stop, pressing her fingers against her throat.

Adrian lay face downwards on the floor.

It seemed that she stood for an hour clinging to the bedpost, staring at the twisted body of her father. Then she shook herself like a dog and, walking steadily across the floor, dropped to her knees. As she did so, she heard a faint sound. He was alive, then. . . . Adrian, lying so still, so very still, was yet alive. . . .

Cecil struggled to turn the body over; found it a dead-weight in her hands. When at last she succeeded, she saw that there were four long scratches upon his throat; ragged, still wet with blood.

At first it seemed that not a muscle so that a faint line of white showed beneath the iris. But immediately the faint sound that Cecil had heard before was repeated; one corner of the mouth began to twitch spasmodically. Cecil was convinced that her father had recognized her.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CECIL'S HECTIC DAY.

Failing in her attempt to get Adrian on the bed, Cecil stood undecided. Finally she took the telephone and managed to give the number of the Teutonic specialist who had been so soundly cursed by Adrian a few weeks before. He was out on an emergency call, and with a blank, empty feeling, Cecil left her address and a message that he was to come as soon as possible. She recalled that there was a doctor on the floor above, and found herself thumping insistently upon his door, shouting: "Don't stop to dress. My father . . . I think he's had a stroke!"

Her opinion was grudgingly confirmed by the redheaded Dr. Carroway, who hated to agree with an amateur diagnosis; and later by Dr. Schlegel; and by Dr. McDonald, a white-haired gentleman with an international reputation. Cecil succeeded in forcing the truth from harsh, competent Dr. Schlegel: Adrian had lost the use of those of his limbs which had not previously been crippled, and owing to the condition of his heart it seemed unlikely that he would live to see another sunrise.

At three o'clock a nurse arrived. Cecil was bundled off to her own room with a summary command to "get some sleep" which brought a smile to her lips. If only Isabel would come! Cecil had a persistent picture of her sister dancing at Montmartre or the Rendezvous, laughing and talking, careless—she had always been careless—of the drama that was unfolding itself at home. There was no hope of sleep. Instead, she bathed, redressed her hair, put on fresh clothes, and sat down on the couch in the studio, listening to the low voices behind Adrian's door. It seemed a long time that she sat there straining to catch the sound of footsteps perhaps of laughter in the corridor outside, for when, starting wide awake, she glanced at her watch, it was after six. She knew at once that Isabel had not re-

turned, but crowding out that fear came another—that Adrian had died while she was sleeping.

By some miracle he had not. Dr. Carroway explained that her father was in rather better shape than before. He could even talk—not very distinctly or coherently, but if his heart had not been in bad shape from ten years' constant drinking he might have lived on for another decade. As it was . . .

"A matter of hours," Cecil echoed stupidly. Then: "May I see him?"

"Later, perhaps."

"Has he asked for me?"

"No." Once he had called the name of Isabel. For the rest his mumblings had all been rather mad. Something about a wild beast—a tiger, or a leopard. Dr. Schlegel had been kind enough to throw some light on the subject.

It appeared that during an attack of delirium tremens—or was it two attacks?—he had suffered from the same delusion. He must have been drinking a good deal . . . shouldn't have been left alone . . . had practically torn his throat to shreds with his own hand.

"His own hand?" Again Cecil heard her voice as an echo. "The marks looked so . . . so catlike."

"Nonsense!" And cross because Cecil's remark had seconded an uncomfortable observation of his own, the doctor concluded, tactfully: "A very interesting case. Captain Rayburn has promised us his body for post mortem examination."

Once more Cecil was alone. The grey light had started to shimmer outside the window; it was going to be a fine day.

At eight o'clock there was a knock at the door. A boy handed her a telegram—from Isabel, she was sure. With hands that trembled as they had not done when she touched Adrian's paralysed body, Cecil tore it open. She read:

"Were married this afternoon. Wire blessing Ritz, Atlantic City. Veronica and Cyril."

* * *

Isabel and Du Maurier arrived in New York with barely time enough to get their license before the department closed for the day.

As if overnight, Du Maurier had fallen in love. Fallen in love with that intensity of which only the complete egotist seems capable.

Isabel's first sensation when she awoke that morning had been one of bewildered amazement. Tradition and training had taught her to expect something very different of life; a changed outlook, a sense of victorious maturity, or one of shame. It had seemed odd that the world could be so lovely, so serene.

Later, "I'll make a bad husband," Du Maurier told her passionately. "I am selfish and cruel. I've never been honest even with myself. I'll make you terribly unhappy."

To which Isabel replied: "I'd rather be unhappy with you than happy with anyone else."

"Will you mind being married by a priest?"

"No—but why, Dick? Do you really care? I never knew you had any religion."

"I have—I always have had. I've been a bad Catholic, but I've been a Catholic all the time. I was educated by a priest, you see, a Jesuit. He's in New York—an old man, now; but still

my Father Confessor. I'd like him to marry us."

"And so would I. We must call pupaw as soon as we get in. I feel so guilty about leaving him," she explained.

But when they arrived, there was no time to telephone. They had forgotten that Saturday was a half-holiday, and that the Marriage License Bureau closed at noon.

Of the big room in the Municipal Building Isabel received but a vague impression. Long rows of tables with aisles between them; a confused babel of inarticulate foreigners asking questions of other inarticulate foreigners. Then she and Du Maurier had handed their slips into the cage and had received the license.

Outside in the crystalline air, "Darling," whispered Du Maurier, "can you believe that in a few hours we'll be married?"

And indeed Isabel had wished for this moment such a long time that, now it was here, she could hardly believe in it.

As they drove up-town, past piles of snow already melting, Isabel looked at the buildings climbing towards the turquoise sky, and thought: "They're real, and so am I. And Dick is really going to be my husband."

CHAPTER XXIV.

WELCOME HOME.

Finally they stopped, and Du Maurier helped her out of the car. She laughed uneasily and went into the house.

The janitress looked embarrassed when they put Achilles in her charge; the corridor was dull and cheerless; the foyer outside the studio was so black that Isabel could not find her key. In the darkness Du Maurier pulled her to him and covered her face and throat with kisses. She clung to him as if for protection against some outer force. She felt that they must stand together against a hostile world. She was afraid that somehow he would fail her.

"Oh, Isabel, Isabel," he whispered, over and over. And the quickness of his breath made the words into sobs.

Then the door was wrenched open from within and Cecil stood upon the threshold.

Hand in hand, like a pair of truant school-children, Du Maurier and Isabel faced her, and felt foolish. Isabel broke the spell.

"Don't give us such a dirty look," she said, with an attempted flippancy. "We have the license with us," and then, before Cecil could reply, she saw the white-robed nurse come from her father's room, and knew why Cecil's face was like a mask of tragedy.

Never before had Isabel been face to face with death. What was it Adrian had said so long ago? "A father for a lover." And now the leopard, omen of misfortune, had its prey.

Schlegel and Carroway had gone, leaving the suaver person of McDonald to take charge. He took Isabel kindly by the hand. "Your father wants to see you. We think this wish is what has kept him going. You must be prepared to see him suffering and greatly changed. Be glad that it will soon be over."

Dumbly, and walking like a figure made of wood, Isabel followed the doctor into Captain Rayburn's room.

The shades were drawn, and to Isabel the body in the bed was no more than a heap of covers. She attempted desper-

ately to realize that this thing was her father . . . her father.

"Is—a—bel!" said her father's voice. "W—welcome."

She dropped beside him, bending close, feeling unwilling tears pursue their course upon her cheek. "Oh, pupaw, pupaw! What can I say? It's all my fault."

"S—say—it again."

When she had repeated her words distinctly, "B—bloody nonsense," Adrian mumbled. "Can't sm—mile for obvious reasons, but would if I c—c—could. We b—both get what we want. Y—you, a man; I, a g—g—grave." There was a pause. "Don't c—c—cry, d—d—damned little fool," he commanded. "The g—g—game's up. Be a s—sport. Give the l—l—l—leopard its due. Are you m—m—married legally, or o—o—only t—technically?"

"I'm not married, pupaw. We got the license first, but oh, pupaw, don't be so kind and forgiving when I've as much as killed you."

"Im'n not k—kind. I'll m—malicious."

Isabel tried to speak; found herself sobbing.

"Sh—shut up, will you, don't waste t—t—time. Get D—d—d—. W—what is his n—n—n—name?" Adrian finally resumed. "D—d—du M—m—maurier?"

"Not really, pupaw," whispered Isabel. "It's Madden. He writes. He's been living under the other name to keep away from his family's friends or something. It's a long story."

"Well, d—d—don't t—t—t—tell it. Send him to g—g—get a m—m—minister. I'll see you m—m—married, by God, before—" Here another spasm of coughing interrupted him.

Isabel explained: "He's a Catholic, pupaw. He wants to be married by a priest."

"A priest? B—b—better and better. Let him f—fetch his priest. P—p—p—perform c—c—ceremony by b—b—bedside of d—d—dying—even a p—p—priest will come for that."

Isabel, wondering that her shaking legs could bear her, reached the door.

"Bless you, my d—d—daughter," Adrian called after her. "You'll s—send me out like a b—b—bubble, in a b—b—burst of glory."

* * *

Du Maurier found Father Corcoran in a meek little church on West Forty-fifth Street. The priest was a frail old gentleman, but tall and still erect.

"Well, Dick," he said, in a smooth, soft still perfectly modulated voice, "what have you done this time?"

"I am about to be married," said Du Maurier. "And I'd like you to perform the ceremony, Father." And, suddenly, he went on his knees before the priest and, as he had not done since childhood, told the truth.

Afterwards, "It's all very irregular," said Father Corcoran sadly. "And you have done a grave wrong. Yes," he concluded, rubbing a frail white hand over his curly hair, "yes you must be married at once. And since Miss Rayburn is eager to embrace your faith, and since her father is upon his deathbed, I think a dispensation can be procured to proceed without the publication of the banns, and to perform the ceremony at Miss Rayburn's home."

So it was that a little after three on that sunny afternoon Du Maurier and Father Corcoran came to the studio.

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"Pupaw," said Isabel, "the priest has come."
"G—g—good. T—tell him to d—d—do his stuff."

CHAPTER XXV.

AS IT WAS WRITTEN.

The room was very still. There was no light except the rays of sun that filtered through the shades and lay across the leopard skins upon the floor. Clear as a bell the priest's voice rang out.

"Richard, wilt thou take Isabel, here present, for thy lawful husband?"

"I will," Du Maurier said, evenly.

"H—h—he has to. He c—c—can't escape."

Then the priest asked the woman: "Isabel, wilt thou take Richard, here present, for thy lawful husband?"

"S—s—superfluous qu—questions. Actions speak louder than w—w—words."

"I will," whispered Isabel.

Then she and Du Maurier joined their right hands and, after the priest, Du Maurier repeated: "I, Richard Lenox Madden, take thee, Isabel Rayburn, for my lawful wife, to have and to hold—"

"And p—p—probably deceive."

"—from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do us part."

Then Isabel, also after the priest, said: "I, Isabel Rayburn, take thee, Richard Lenox Madden for my lawful husband, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do us part."

"She'll b—b—be an angel," Adrian observed. "She's as p—p—patient as her mother, whom, p—p—praise God, I'll n—n—never m—meet again."

"By the authority committed to me," said the priest, "I pronounce you united in the bonds of matrimony."

Du Maurier then placed the gold ring, which he had bought on his way to the studio, upon the third finger of Isabel's left hand, and echoed: "With this ring I thee wed, and I plight unto thee my troth."

Meanwhile, within the confines of his inert body, Adrian strangled with heroic laughter.

Isabel and Du Maurier stood by the bed, and presently were joined by Cecil. Arms folded on his breast, the priest waited behind them.

Now in a stronger voice, "Open the w—w—window," Adrian commanded. "Let the b—b—beast come in. She's w—waited long enough."

Cecil stepped to the window, and as her shadow crossed the bed, a loud cry broke from Adrian's lips.

Instinctively Isabel put her hands over her eyes. And when at last she took them down, she saw Father Corcoran making the sign of the cross over her father's body.

* * *

On a chilly night in May the Lenox Maddens returned from dinner with Cyril and Veronica. They were tired, and the little apartment—once the home of a bachelor called Du Maurier—seemed a haven of rest. Achilles was there to greet them, to bark, and snap at the fur border of Isabel's long black cape.

She laughed and gave it to her husband. Then, going to the window, she leaned far out between the blowing curtains.

"Darling," he begged, "you have a cold now—you'll get pneumonia—everybody's getting it."

"Please, Dick, don't be such an old maid. Come and look at the stars. There are trillions of them."

"Shan't do anything of the sort. I'll build a fire, that's what I'll do." And he suited the action to the word.

Isabel was looking well these days. Her figure had fulfilled the promise of alluring roundness; her mouth had lost much of its former petulance; her eyes, sadder and softer, since her father's death, as if the tragedy still lurked within them, seemed also to have taken on a deeper hue.

"You lovely thing," he whispered. Bending down, he kissed the white band of flesh that showed between the ruby bracelets. "You lovely, lovely little animal . . ."

Later, when he was unfastening her evening dress, "I've saved a surprise for you," he said. "We made a thousand dollars today. The *Post* bought the Stockbridge Potter story."

"How splendid! That's the second in three months. We must phone Stock and tell him. What is his number, dear?"

"I don't remember, but we'll get it from the Chequer Taxi Company." And they conjured up the rainy night when, hunting for a taxi, they had almost collapsed with amazement—when Potter had hailed them from the driver's seat of an especially gaudy one.

"Mercy!" said Isabel, hugging her husband. "How our old crowd has scattered! What with Stock driving a taxi, and Cecil in Europe, and your old flame"—she loved to tease him about Susie—"tied to the 'coat kink'."

"Poor fellow!" groaned Dick. "I wonder he hasn't been drowned in tears, or asphyxiated by alcohol fumes."

"He seems to be bearing up. I suppose Susie has to behave herself after what he did for her father. And, after all she's a nice kid. I can't very well blame her for wanting you, can I?"

"Oh, hardly," replied Dick, drawing himself up to his full height, and puffing out his chest. "I'm such a devilish handsome fellow."

"And so clever, too. Just think of it, one thousand dollars for a story."

"Oh, well, all that publicity about Lenox Madden, the author, being Richard Du Maurier, the saphead, did me a world of good. I hated it at the time, but it turned out to be just so much free advertising."

He pulled down the black dress and carefully kissed the vertebrae of her spine in alphabetical order. "I'm going to buy a ruby ring for my pretty little wife."

She frowned. "I'd rather have another stone . . . perhaps a pearl," she said. "Anyway," she added, "you'd better wait until you do another novel." And she went into the alcove.

Slowly Dick removed his dinner jacket, and, putting on a dressing gown, sat opposite the fire.

"Wait until you do another novel," she had said. Another novel. He heard it again and again from all directions. Only that morning his friend the Crow had called. "And what's become of the novel you promised us?" he had demanded. "You ought to get it in now. You're on the crest of the wave. Besides, you told me three months ago that it was at the typist's."

Du Maurier had muttered something about changes, although he knew that it lay quite untouched, locked in his desk. Tempting and terrible it was; the book of Isabel. For three months it had been there, left because he could not find the courage either to publish or destroy it. He knew that it was good. He knew, unquestionably, absolutely, that he could not do better. When he thought of it he grew hard and angry with despair. He hated the book and he hated himself. Sometimes he hated Isabel.

But now, when she came in her cream-colored nightgown, with a loose embroidered kimono over it, and curled herself up on his lap, his heart seemed to contract and ache like an open wound.

"Oh, Richard Du Maurier Lenox Madden," she said. "I've saved a surprise for you, too."

"What? A pleasant one, I hope."

"Why, and I hope so too." She clasped her hands behind his head and drew it close to her. "Don't buy me a ring, Dick. You'd better save the money for next year's rent. We'll have to get a bigger place."

"Ye gods!" he cried. "Imagine you a mother! You little imp, why didn't you tell me before?"

"I wanted to be sure. I only saw the doctor today, and—and—I wanted to be sure of something else. Of you, Dick. To be sure that you loved me."

"My dear, I married you, and I'm a Catholic, you know."

"It wasn't only that." She clung to him and smiled enigmatically. "I was a brazen hussy. I was a thief. I stole the key and made—don't say I didn't—I made you compromise me. You were sweet and forgiving."

"I knew about it all the time. I saw you take the key."

"I guessed as much. You never miss anything, do you?" She dropped her arms, and then relaxed against him, rubbing her bare feet on his trousers. "It was my *pièce de résistance*, but afterwards I was afraid—oh, frightfully afraid. One day Andrea said: 'Getting a man is easy; any fool can do it. But holding a man is quite another matter.' But, Dick," whispered Isabel. "You'll never write our story, will you? Never, never, never?"

"Never, never, never," he repeated.

They sat there talking for a while, and presently the talking stopped. And presently he saw that Isabel was sleeping.

Gently he carried her into the alcove, laid her on the bed, and drew the curtains. Then he came back, approached the desk, unlocked the drawer, and, taking out the book of Isabel, looked at it tenderly. When he had looked at it, he threw it on the fire, and watched the flames rise high for some brief seconds, making the room suddenly lighter.

"Dick," called Isabel, "Come in, I'm lonely."

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